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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 629

EDITORIALS:
THE CRISIS DEEPENS 631
YANKEE COMMUNISM 632
TINDER FOR FASCIST FIRES 633

VICTORY FOR THE NLRB by Paul Y. Anderson 634

DIPLOMACY HITS A NEW LOW by Robert Dell 635

THE CZECHS STAND GUARD by M. W. Fodor 639

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CAPITOL by McAlister Coleman 641

IN THE WIND 643

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 644

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:
ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP by Anton Kuh 645
PRELUDE by D. S. Savage 647
LOUIS ADAMIC'S AMERICA by John Chamberlain 648
A GREAT ILLINOISAN by Paul H. Douglas 648
THE OLD JAPAN IN THE NEW by T. A. Bisson 650
TRUTH OR LEGEND? by Mina Curtiss 650
MANKIND AT WAR by Maxwell Geismar 651
THRIFT IS NOT ENOUGH by Keith Hutchison 652
FIVE LONG STORIES by Gould Cassal 653
FILMS: "WHEN SHAWES BEENE SHEENE" by Mark Van Doren 653

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The Shape of Things

IT IS IMPORTANT TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY what has happened—and why—in Europe these past two weeks. War has been averted, but peace has not been secured nor any settlement reached on which peace can rest. War has been averted by the perilous expedient of a showdown, and in the light of a moment of crisis much has become clear. The showdown emerged from a sequence of critical events: provocations and threats on the part of the Sudeten Germans brought a section of the Czech army into action to patrol the German region and guard the local elections; two Henlein followers were shot by Czech soldiers; the German press rang with denunciations; rumors spread that the German army was mobilized near the border; the British took them seriously enough to warn the Nazi government that invasion of Czechoslovakia might mean a European war in which Great Britain might be involved, and a special car was ordered to remove from Germany the wives and children of British officials; the rumors of mobilization were denied; the train was canceled; the first elections resulted in large gains for the Sudeten Nazis; and Czechoslovakia settled down to a week of minor crises. The two dead Sudetens were buried to the tune of the Horst Wessel song, and the conferences between Henlein and the Czechoslovakian government were once broken off and then resumed, but the week ended in a relatively peaceful second election in which Henlein polled about 90 per cent of the German vote.

THE EVENTS OF THIS LAST FORTNIGHT in Europe have served to prove several important facts: first, that Czechoslovakia will fight to preserve its boundaries, its independence, and its internal order; second, that France and Russia will fight if Czechoslovakia is invaded by Germany; third, that Great Britain will fight if France is drawn in by such an invasion; and, lastly, that Germany will not fight to achieve the domination of Czechoslovakia or the autonomy of the Sudeten Germans. It may be goaded or tripped into military action, but unless that happens it will continue to press toward the conquest of Central Europe by "pacific" methods of

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propaganda, cold warfare, and bluff. None of those facts is surprising, but all of them were matters of anxious speculation throughout the world until suddenly the nations disclosed their real intentions in the blinding light of the Czech-German crisis. Each nation is now busy crediting itself with the wisdom that saved the day and sneering at the claims of the others. Actually credit is easy to assign. The firm and reasonable behavior of Czechoslovakia saved Europe from war and itself from Nazi attack. British warnings and Nazi moderation followed rather than produced Czechoslovakia's magnificent stand. The peace of Europe is still at the mercy of incidents on every border, but at least time has been gained. The terms of Hodza's nationality statute are not yet announced, but it is known that they will be generous. If Hitler can control Henlein and if Henlein can control his followers, now inflated by election gains as well as by propaganda, the tempo of catastrophe may be slowed down. And if Great Britain and France will now supplement their diplomatic efforts with a program designed to liberate Czechoslovakia from the economic clutches of Germany, the tide of events may yet be turned and Central Europe preserved from the designs set down in "Mein Kampf."

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S ARTHURDALE SPEECH WAS a jolt to those who have been seeking to return the nation to the tax policies of Andrew Mellon. But so also were the pair of Supreme Court opinions last week on the federal taxing power. Mr. Roosevelt has had two aims in his tax policies. One is to place corporate taxation on a progressive basis; the second is to extend the scope of both federal and local taxation by breaking down the immunities that court decisions have built up around government salaries and bond issues. In a five-to-two decision in the case of salaries paid to officers of the New York Port Authority, Justice Stone held for the court that the salaries were subject to federal income taxation. This is a step toward the social objective of equal tax burdens for equal incomes. But it remained for Justice Black in a separate concurring opinion to make the issue about tax immunity clear. Justice Stone, following *Collector* v. *Day*, distinguished unessential from essential state-government functions. Justice Black challenged the whole doctrine, and stood squarely on the words of the income-tax amendment, which levies the tax on income "from whatever source derived." This clarity of Justice Black's is paralleled by Mr. Roosevelt's clarity on the issues of the undistributed-profits tax and the capital-gains tax in his Arthurdale speech. The new tax bill which has just become law represents a victory for big business because it allows for tax avoidance by the failure to distribute profits in the form of dividends, and because it allows capital gains to be taxed not at a progressive rate but at a uniform rate. It is to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that he has laid the basis for an ultimate victory by keeping the issue alive.

*

THE TVA INQUIRY IS NOW IN FULL SWING. The great exposé that the tories have been rubbing their hands over for months in advance has thus far proved a dud. Never did a man get such a build-up by the press for the fight he was waging as Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, and never has there been such an utter collapse both of charges and of militancy. Dr. Morgan's talk of dishonesty and corruption on the part of his fellow-directors has dwindled now to a question of shadings of opinion and interpretations of acts and omissions. Mr. Lilienthal, on the other hand, has not only made an effective answer to the charges against him, but has suggested lines of investigation that may prove anything but pleasing to Dr. Morgan and the utility companies. The inquiry has been hailed by the reactionary press as a means of shedding light in the dark places of TVA policy. We are confident the TVA can stand the light. But we believe the inquiry may also shed some light on the attempts to defeat TVA policy. The Morgan-Lilienthal controversy has gone beyond a dispute between two directors, and any comment on it must also go beyond an accusation or defense of any particular director. We want more light, specifically, on how and why the power companies were able to hold up the administrative processes of the TVA by what Mr. Lilienthal has called "an avalanche of suits" and court injunctions. We want light on Dr. Arthur Morgan's connection, if any, with this judicial obstruction of purposes that Congress had approved. We want light on the source of the money used to organize citizens' committees and propaganda groups attacking the TVA. We want light on the forces that have been opposing the whole program of rural electrification.

*

JERRY O'CONNELL WANTS ANOTHER TERM as Democratic Congressman from Montana. There is every reason to suppose that President Roosevelt would like to see him have it. O'Connell has championed every decent piece of legislation that has come before the House during his term in office and has been a tower of strength for the Administration. But while Roosevelt as head of the Democratic Party may look with favor on O'Connell, Frank Hague, who besides being mayor of Jersey City is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, denies the Congressman the right to speak in a public park of his city, deliberately incites a mob against him as a red who ought to be shipped back to Russia, and finally orders his police to seize him and ride him out of town. No doubt Roosevelt would like to retain the support of both Hague and O'Connell and

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therefore regards political expediency as the better part of valor. But it won't do. Hague, as we point out elsewhere in these pages, is not merely one of a long line of parasitic political bosses who from time to time have emerged to impose racketeering law on American cities. He is an exponent of fascism in the making, and his tactics if tolerated in Jersey City are likely to be imitated by other reactionary city administrations eager to smash a rising labor movement. As top man in the Democratic Party, President Roosevelt should publicly repudiate the actions of his subordinate. As President of the United States he should order the Attorney General to make not a cursory, half-hearted inquiry but a thoroughgoing investigation into Hague's gangland, like that which led to criminal indictments in Harlan, Kentucky. And perhaps most effective, he might remove from Hague's hands the control of the New Jersey WPA projects, which the Hague machine now uses to tighten its grip on the entire state. Roosevelt must choose between Hague and O'Connell. We will continue to raise the issue until he makes known his choice.

*

THE PRESENCE OF THREE GENERALS AND TWO admirals in key posts of the new Japanese Cabinet tells its own story. Even more significant, however, is inclusion of the three men who more than any others represent the extremist element among the Japanese militarists. General Araki, the new Minister of Education, might be called the father of Japanese fascism. His firmest conviction is of the necessity of a war with the Soviet Union. Itagaki, who is slated to be War Minister, is the leader of the fascist element among the younger officers, while Admiral Suetsugu, who retains the post of Home Minister, is the chief representative of the same clique in the navy. The new Finance Minister, Seihin Ikeda, former governor of the Bank of Japan, is drawn from the group of financiers interested in the heavy industries who last year formed an alliance with the military extremists. The only moderating influence in the Cabinet is General Ugaki, the Foreign Minister. Ugaki's alleged liberalism is only relative, however, since he was involved in the military-fascist activities of 1931. The new Cabinet has undoubtedly been formed to speed up the campaign in China. Since it lacks the balance of its predecessor, there is a good chance that in its effort to achieve a quick decision it may plan a rash and costly adventure in the interior of China.

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THE ARTICLE ON *KEN* BY GEORGE SELDES published in *The Nation* of April 30 contained this sentence: "The McClure Syndicate release for April 20 stated that Albert Lasker, head of the powerful Lord and Thomas advertising agency, has a financial interest in *Ken*." *The Nation* has received a letter from Mr. Lasker emphatically denying that he has any such interest, denying, in fact, that he had ever so much as heard of *Ken* until the article in *The Nation* was called to his attention. We accept without question Mr. Lasker's denial.

The Crisis Deepens

THE "recession" of 1937 has entered its tenth month. If the public is not as generally conscious of the gravity of the situation as it was in the depression that started in 1929, it is primarily because it has become callous to the existence of millions of unemployed and wholesale public relief. Cold statistics indicate that the country is actually worse off than in June, 1931, twenty months after the Wall Street crash. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production in April, the last month available, was below that of May, 1933, and lower than the average for any year except 1932 and 1933.

Statistics of this sort are not particularly entertaining, but it is high time that they were faced. Industrial production in April was 77 per cent of the 1923-25 average. In the earlier depression this figure was not reached until September, 1931. Factory employment in April was 79 per cent of "normal." A year ago it was 102 per cent; in June, 1931, when the population was 6,000,000 smaller, it was 78 per cent. The index for construction contracts awarded was 47 as compared with 74 in June, 1931.

Put in human terms the picture is even more distressing. Three million persons have been thrown out of work since autumn. One family out of seven in the United States is receiving some form of public assistance. In Michigan the ratio is nearly one out of five. There are now about 2,600,000 men on WPA at an average wage of about $47 a month. These are the lucky ones. In addition, two million are on the local relief rolls. In February the average allowance to these families was $26. Since then several cities, notably Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago, have suspended relief payments pending action by the state legislatures. In these cities some 150,000 families are kept alive only by the distribution of federal food rations.

That business conditions are getting worse rather than better is reflected in the sharp decline in stock prices in recent weeks. The New York *Times* index of stock dropped from 81.60 on April 26 to 76.26 on May 26, a loss of 6½ per cent. Dozens of corporations have omitted their usual dividends within the past fortnight; dozens of others have reduced their payments. With commodity prices tobogganing, business concerns are

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naturally restricting their purchases to bare necessities.

If recovery is to come within the next few months it will not be initiated by business. Since the beginning of the recession last September business has had but one solution to offer, a proposal that was clearly impossible in a period of economic decline—a reduction of taxes. Whether the Administration's spending program will get under way soon enough to turn the tide remains to be seen. It has already been before Congress for six weeks without action. Each week of delay lessens its chance of succeeding. As the crisis deepens, the financial reserves of both business concerns and individuals become progressively depleted. If Congress refuses to take the steps necessary to start the country toward recovery, the people should know it now so that they may take appropriate action in the coming campaign.

Yankee Communism

THERE is nothing halfway about the Communists. For years they entertained a crushing and well-argued scorn of "bourgeois democracy" and all its works, but now, seized by the sudden conviction that "the great majority of our people," as Earl Browder puts it, "are not ready to support a socialist reorganization of America," the party's ardor has been transferred in all its intensity to "American democratic institutions." Its tenth national convention has just adopted an amended constitution under which the party substitutes "affiliation to the Communist International" for its status as a "section" of that organization; demands citizenship or a declared intention of acquiring citizenship if possible as a prerequisite of membership; decrees expulsion for "advocates of terrorism and violence as a method of party procedure"; and directs all the party's power against "any clique, group, circle, faction, or party, which conspires or acts to subvert, undermine, weaken, or overthrow any or all institutions of American democracy whereby the majority of the American people have obtained power to determine their own destiny in any degree."

On the face of things American liberals, who for years have taunted the party with its lack of democracy, its monolithic structure, its ultimate reliance on force, and its blind obedience to Moscow, should rejoice at this accretion to their ranks, but if it gives them the feeling of being embraced by a bear they are hardly to be wondered at. They might first of all view with some suspicion the violence of the conversion. It would be one thing for the Communists to say frankly to the progressive and labor forces of the country: "We want a socialist America; you don't. We differ fundamentally from you about a lot of things, and your idea of democracy is certainly not ours, but if fascism comes we'll all stew in the same pot, so we propose to work along with you on particular issues where the combination can block the fascist advance. And in the meantime we intend to go on trying to convince you that socialism is the only way out." That would have been easy to understand and refreshingly honest. But in fact the Marxist internationalists, airily shoving their socialism into a vague future, have emerged as the only true, red-white-and-blue Americans, with Earl Browder and William Z. Foster as spiritual descendants of Jefferson and Lincoln, communism as the flowering spirit of '76, and Yankee Doodle about to supplant the "Internationale." They "extend the hand of brotherly cooperation" to "the great majority of Catholics" and rejoice in "fighting shoulder to shoulder with them for the same economic and social aims."

It would be presumptuous for us to pass on the motivations of the party in its present approach, but because that approach involves the cooperation of all progressive forces, it is not amiss to comment on the strategy involved. It is first a foolish strategy because it is too clumsy to be taken seriously and too devious to be practiced whole-heartedly. The party's protestations that it has always been in the main stream of the American democratic tradition have an *ex post facto* odor; the Roosevelts, LaGuardias, and even the sacred Farmer-Laborites might well ask with the poet: "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

But whether the party is believed or succeeds only in appearing slightly ridiculous is after all its own lookout. What concerns us far more is the danger of its infecting the labor and progressive groups, to which it appeals in the name of democracy, with its doctrinaire vendettas. Here the paradox of the party's position is most glaringly apparent, for despite its earnest efforts to convince the public that it is American and democratic to the core, it has the ignorance of American political *mores* to decree in its new constitution that "no party member shall have personal or political relationship with Trotskyites, Lovestonites, or other known enemies of the party and the working class." Since it is for the party to say who is and who is not an "enemy of the working class," this clause gives a political group an intolerable control over the most personal affairs of its members. If that is all right with the Communists it is all right with us, but as for the American tradition, we might remind Browder that this is a country in which even a du Pont may marry a Roosevelt. Politically, this constitutional stricture indicates that whenever a Communist joins a trade union or a popular-front group of any sort his first effort must be to bring about the expulsion of all Trotskyites, Lovestonites, isolationists, and other foes of the Communist Party's particular brand of democracy. This may be traditional Communist procedure, but shorn

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of the genuine and profound revolutionary objective which once was used to justify it, it can only add to what is already an oversupply of political bigotry on the left.

Tinder for Fascist Fires

ON THE eve of a Congressional inquiry into subversive fascist movements, we had better acquire some perspective. What the inquiry is likely to bring to light is the attempts by foreign governments to start fascist fires in America. But these attempts would lack significance if kindling did not already exist in our own institutions and our own ways of thought. By themselves the shirt-brigades, the Bunds, the anti-Semitic lies might be regarded merely as forms of paranoia—trivial delusions if we could count on the health of the state. But can we?

The most characteristic fascist form in America today is the power of the regional Führer like Mayor Hague of Jersey City. Huey Long was the great example of such regional tyrants, but while his ability has never been equaled since his death, his objectives have been copied by others. A local autocracy like that in Louisiana under Long, or Georgia under Talmadge, or Jersey City under Hague, or Kansas City under Pendergast, or Massachusetts under Hurley must be viewed as a rehearsal for a greater national effort to come. In ordinary times it could be dismissed as another instance of the familiar phenomenon of the local political "boss." But it often happens in history that the familiar petty tyranny changes, and takes on the form given it by current tensions and struggles. Regional fascism, as it is beginning to emerge today, is based on the local political machine; it gets its sustenance from graft, crime, and boodle; its terrorism is the necessary terrorism to ward off defeat and collapse under the pressure of united progressive groups. But in its meaning and direction it is incipient fascism.

Another focal center of fascist infection is the tyrannical corporation. Study the internal structure of the large corporation, watch it in action, see how mercilessly orders are given and enforced from the top down, see the truckling to the top man and the slavish fear of him, and you get a pretty good idea of our native *Führerprinzip* and of a totalitarian state that does not have to be imported from abroad. This applies wherever you see such a corporate structure, whether it is in Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Hollywood, Detroit, or New York. Today the corporation is engaged not only in the economic pursuit of profits. It has become politicized, and is fighting the democratic principle that still largely obtains in our governmental life. One has only to think of the bitter fight of Girdler and Ford against the Wagner Act, to read the testimony in the Harlan trial today, and to recall the Memorial Day massacre in Chicago just a year ago to understand the true nature of this resistance. When the corporation cannot win its fight against democracy by economic means, it may call in military and coercive means and attempt to become the corporate state.

It has such a coercive weapon at hand in our indigenous vigilantism. We are so close to the frontier that the vigilante spirit still slumbers in us. As a country that has grown through immigration, we have native resentments that can be stirred up against what is labeled alien and "un-American." As a large sprawling country that has grown too fast, we still nourish our sectional hatreds and our agrarian-urban rivalries. The recent history of strike-breaking movements, of the Mohawk Valley plan and the Johnstown plan, of citizens' committees and vigilante groups is a history that casts monstrous shadows on the future. And to it we may attribute the festering infection of our own racial prejudices—our anti-Negro and anti-Jewish feeling, the latter of which is growing alarmingly. In a fascist attempt the sinews of war are the funds furnished by the big corporations; the armies are gangsters that are enrolled from the unemployed, the muddled, the insecure; the martial spirit is the psychology of vigilantism, drummed up to a hysterical pitch with unscrupulous slogans and catchwords.

It is here that we come to the influence of the Catholic church. Nothing on the American horizon—not Southern reaction nor the reign of terror among share-croppers nor the tyrant corporations nor the cold suppressions of a Hague—is as dangerous for the next decade of our life as the organized propaganda of the Catholic hierarchy. We say the hierarchy, because we cannot believe that the workers and tradesmen that make up the rank and file of Catholics in America are represented by the Father Currans and the Father Coughlins and the Cardinal Hayeses that presume to speak for them. We shall have more to say in future issues about the way in which anti-labor, anti-progressive, anti-democratic hysterias are being stirred through the speeches and writings of members of the hierarchy. Here we want only to point out the connection between the fascist threat and the activity of this largest single minority group in the country.

These are the main centers of infection. They do not add up to fascism; they only form a potential fascism. The infection can be stopped, but not by fear, silence, inaction. To stop it we must make the majority will effective, in our economic as well as our political life. To stop it we must create employment again, strengthen our government, adopt an affirmative policy toward the attempts of democracies in Europe and Latin America to meet the same fascist threat. The health of our state must be an internal health, achieved at home; but it is also indivisible from the health of democratic states throughout the world.

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Victory for the NLRB

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 27

I WAS absent from these pages last week, and a great many things have happened since I last wrote. It will be necessary to summarize. The Supreme Court declined to review the decision of the Labor Relations Board against Remington-Rand, and the board's victory appears to be final. In many respects this was the most important case ever tried under the Wagner Act. Rand's defiance of the act and the board preceded that of Ford and Girdler, and was equally bold and persistent. Moreover, he gave them lessons. The "Mohawk Valley formula," invented by Rand with some expert assistance, is the most systematically cruel, murderous, and effective strike-breaking technique ever devised. This bloody and brutal routine, successfully used against Remington-Rand employees in the company's upstate New York plants in 1936, received its final trial in the "Little Steel" strike just a year ago, culminating in the cold-blooded killing of ten strikers and sympathizers by Chicago police. Space will not permit a description of the "formula" here. Suffice it to say that it includes the formation of "citizens' committees" and "law-and-order leagues" and the use of all the fascist devices which were on display in Johnstown, Massillon, and Youngstown.

Rand has repeatedly boasted that he would never submit to the operation of the Wagner Act. Now we shall see. Why his defeat in the Supreme Court was virtually ignored by the daily press is an interesting question. It is possible that the boys just overlooked it, but I don't think so.

The ingenious brain behind the recent campaign against the Labor Board is disclosed to have been that of Frederick H. Wood, one of the shrewdest and most resourceful lawyers in practice, whose singular talents are currently in the pay of Henry Ford. Wood has been remarkably successful before the Supreme Court, but his methods in seizing upon the Kansas City stockyards decision as a precedent for cracking down on the board in the Ford case (they were emulated simultaneously in the Republic Steel case) have brought no comfort to the majority of that august tribunal. Indeed, I suspect that Chief Justice Hughes wishes that Mr. Wood would go away somewhere. And what the Chief Justice feels in that connection must be mild compared with the feelings of the Third Circuit Court of Appeals (at Philadelphia), which has just suffered the humiliation of being hailed before the Supreme Court to explain its curious conduct in enjoining the board from reopening the Republic case to correct possible procedural omissions.

The publicity results achieved by Wood and the Republic lawyers were impressive and spectacular, and some of us who should know better were momentarily deceived and alarmed. They may learn, however, that although a big story on the front page of the New York *Times* is gratifying, it butters no parsnips. The steps to prevent the board from reopening the Ford and Republic cases begin to look like costly legal misadventures. Republic stockholders, for example, might take note of the fact that, under the board's order, back pay to the strikers is accumulating at the rate of approximately $30,000 a day, and already has reached a total of more than $1,000,000. The Mackay decision indicates that the company stands little chance of winning a victory in the Supreme Court.

The same indications hold true in the Ford case. Indeed, it is possible that Mr. Wood may presently find himself in the uncomfortable position of saying to the Supreme Court, in substance: "We ask for a judgment because the board's procedure was imperfect. We know it was imperfect, because when they tried to perfect it, we stopped them." If that glad day arrives, I shall be interested in the comments of the Chief Justice. He has a salty tongue, and used it last week when the mandamus action against the Third Circuit Court of Appeals was argued. Alluding to that section of the act which provides that a case can be withdrawn at any time before the transcript is filed, he dryly remarked to the board's attorney: "Your contention, as I understand it, is that the statute means what it says."

Time may prove that the most brilliant single stroke of the Roosevelt Administration was the appointment of Hugo L. Black to the Supreme Court. Laymen as well as lawyers are beginning to realize that Black's solitary dissents, instead of revealing a perverse temperament and a lack of "legal craftsmanship," may well guide the court out of the metaphysical wilderness into which it has wandered. Already the court has reversed itself at least once to reach the position expressed in a Black dissent, and I confidently expect that it will do so again.

Black's fine common sense and his impatience with

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arbitrary and irrational precedents were never better exhibited than in his separate opinion concurring in the decision holding that the incomes of employees of the New York Port Authority are taxable by the federal government. His quarrel with the majority opinion—by Justice Stone—was that it didn't go far enough. It failed to rescue the court from that trouble zone in which it attempts to define "essential" and "non-essential" functions of local governments. It got into that quicksand by following the precedent set in the Day case, and it looks as if Justice Black would have to use a block and tackle to get it out. With merciless logic he pointed out:

> Conceptions of "essential governmental functions" vary with individual philosophies. Some believe that "essential governmental functions" include ownership and operation of water plants, power and transportation systems, and so on. Others deny that such ownership and operation could ever be "essential governmental functions" on the ground that such functions "could be carried on by private enterprise." A federal income tax levied against the manager of the state-operated elevated-railway company of Boston was sustained, even though this manager was a public officer appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts with the advice and consent of the Council. On the other hand, the federal government was denied the right to collect an income tax from the chief engineer in charge of New York City's municipally owned water supply. An implied constitutional distinction which taxes income of an officer of a state-operated transportation system and exempts income of the manager of a municipal waterworks system manifests the uncertainty created by the "essential" and "non-essential" test. . . . Uniform taxation upon those equally able to bear their fair share of the burdens of government is the objective of every just government. The language of the Sixteenth Amendment, empowering Congress to "collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived"—given its most obvious meaning—is broad enough to accomplish this purpose.

Incidentally, this case provides a perfect illustration of the different methods by which Black and Stone approach the same problem. Stone believes that the court's errors should be rectified a little at a time—and he has been remarkably successful in persuading the majority to take those short steps with him. Black is opposed to any compromise. He believes that the way to resume constitutional government is to resume. Actually, it was this difference in method which formed the basis for Marquis Childs's amazing farrago in *Harper's Magazine* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Big articles from tiny intimations grow.

Diplomacy Hits a New Low

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, May 17

IN THE past England and France have been represented at Geneva by men with some claim to be considered diplomats and even statesmen—such men as Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Robert Cecil, Arthur Henderson, Léon Bourgeois, Aristide Briand, Edouard Herriot, and Louis Barthou. The quality of their representatives has gradually deteriorated, and now to Eden and Delbos have succeeded Halifax and Georges Bonnet.

Lord Halifax did not make a good impression at Geneva. The tendency was to call him a hypocrite, but that, I am convinced, is unjust. He seems to me to be a mixture of the typical high-minded, God-fearing English gentleman and a Jesuit moral theologian. He is, I should say, one of those over-scrupulous persons who never take any action without having first convinced themselves that it is justified by the principles of moral theology, and who usually succeed in finding a moral justification for any action they wish to take.

Halifax's speech in support of the recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia was an able piece of casuistry, but there were flaws in his argument. The argument was based on the Jesuit maxim that the end justifies the means, which does not, as is commonly supposed, imply that any means are lawful to attain a lawful end. The sense of the maxim is that, if the end is lawful, the means absolutely necessary to attain it must also be lawful. To justify the capitulation to Mussolini, Halifax should therefore have proved that there was no other possible way of securing peace. He did not attempt to prove it. He did not even attempt to support by evidence his assertions that the Anglo-Italian agreement would secure peace. Both he and Bonnet assumed that to be the case, although it is far from being self-evident.

Nobody could be more unlike Lord Halifax than Georges Bonnet—a professional politician, hampered by no definite principles or convictions. He was sent to Geneva to say yes to Halifax, and he duly said it on every occasion, not always very willingly. The French Socialists and Communists—particularly the Communists—have a weakness for Bonnet which to me is incomprehensible. Some of them went so far as to say that he

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was better than Delbos. For my part, he made me regret even Delbos, who notwithstanding his weakness and many blunders was an honest man. On the question of Italy he was much better than Bonnet, who has apparently been humbugged by Neville Chamberlain into believing that Mussolini can be detached from Hitler. At the end of the League Assembly last September Delbos had temporarily a firm attitude toward Mussolini. It is true that he was overruled by Chautemps and Léon Blum, who yielded to British pressure. But at least he was intelligent enough to see what the right policy was and conscientious enough to try to adopt it. Bonnet is quite as intelligent as Delbos, perhaps more so, but one has the impression that his main purpose is to stay in office, and that he would adopt any policy that would serve that purpose. At present he is, if possible, even more completely subservient to British influence than Delbos was.

Between them, the moral theologian and the professional politician made an important contribution at Geneva to the work of destroying what little is left of the authority and influence of the League of Nations. They were assisted by Mr. Munters, the Latvian Foreign Minister, who presided during the session of the Council. On May 10 Munters allowed Halifax to make a statement on the Anglo-Italian agreement—an unprecedented and quite irregular procedure, since the agreement was not concluded within the framework of the Covenant but on the contrary was based on a violation of essential principles of the Covenant. Halifax made the statement solely for the purpose of getting testimonials, which he had asked for beforehand, from the representatives of France, Rumania, Belgium, and Poland, so as to give British opinion the impression that the League Council had approved the agreement.

The same intention to shift responsibility to the League was shown in the treatment of the Abyssinian question on May 12. At a secret meeting of the Council on May 9 there was a maneuver to exclude the Abyssinian delegation from the meeting of the Council at which the question came up. It had been arranged in advance between Halifax, Munters, and Avenol, secretary-general of the League, that Avenol should read the decision of the Credentials Committee of the 1936 Assembly, by which the Abyssinian delegation was admitted to the Assembly, and say that there was a doubt about the matter. Munters, as president, was then to ask members of the Council to express their opinions, the majority of the members were to say that the doubt justified the exclusion of the Abyssinian delegation, and Munters was to decide in that sense. The maneuver, however, was defeated by Litvinov, supported by Wellington Koo, Jordan, and Costa du Rels, the representatives of China, New Zealand, and Bolivia, respectively, and after a long discussion it was decided that the delegation should be admitted, not as representatives of Abyssinia, but as personal representatives of the Emperor Haile Selassie. This absurd decision, which was suggested by Halifax, became still more absurd when the Emperor himself arrived in Geneva and attended the Council as his own personal representative. It was a pathetic scene when the Emperor, a small and frail but dignified figure, entered the Council chamber on May 12. Halifax, to do him justice, half rose from his chair when Haile Selassie came in, but as no other member of the Council followed his example, he sat down again. All through the two long meetings of the Council, the Emperor sat at the Council table, a silent, motionless, but accusing figure. His speech was read for him by a member of his delegation.

The procedure on this occasion was as irregular as on May 10. No doubt when Chamberlain promised the House of Commons that the British government would not recognize Italian sovereignty over Abyssinia without the consent of the League Council, he hoped to get a regular decision of the Council. That was found to be impossible, as there would have been four votes against a resolution approving recognition, and decisions of the Council have to be unanimous. The British and French delegations therefore decided not to propose a resolution, and members of the Council were merely asked to express their individual opinions. The Council thus decided nothing at all, and the situation remains unchanged. Abyssinia is still a member of the League of Nations. All that has happened is that a majority of the members of the Council have individually declared that they themselves and other members of the League may disregard the decisions of the League and their own obligations. This they had no right to do. As Litvinov said in his speech—his interventions last week were even more effective than they usually are—only the League collectively has the right to set its decisions aside.

When the Spanish appeal came before the Council for the first time on May 11, another little arrangement agreed on by Halifax and Munters fell through thanks to the firmness of Alvarez del Vayo, who insisted on an adjournment. Halifax and Munters had arranged to close the discussion. When the discussion was resumed on May 13, Vayo sprang a surprise on the British and French delegations. At the end of the best speech that he has ever made at Geneva he proposed a resolution which, after recalling the terms of the resolution submitted to the Assembly on October 4, invited the member states of the League who had voted in favor of that resolution to "envisage as from the present moment the end of the policy of non-intervention." The resolution in question was supported by thirty-two states—two-thirds of the members of the League—but was not legally adopted

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because Albania and Portugal voted against it and thus prevented unanimity.

The resolution of October 4, it may be recalled, demanded "the immediate and complete withdrawal" of the non-Spanish combatants from Spain and declared that if such a result could not be obtained "in the near future" the members of the League that were parties to the Non-Intervention Agreement would consider ending the policy of non-intervention. When the text of this resolution was adopted by the Sixth Committee of the Assembly on September 30, Vayo objected to the expression "in the near future" and asked for a definite time limit. Thereupon Delbos said that the British and French governments were just about to ask the Italian government to enter into negotiations with them with a view to the withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants. He objected to a definite time limit on the ground that it might have the appearance of a sort of ultimatum to the Italian government, but said that if a favorable reply was not received from the Italian government in about ten days, the French and other governments would consider ending the policy of non-intervention. Walter Elliot, the British representative on the committee, associated himself with what Delbos had said. It was only in consideration of this undertaking that Alvarez del Vayo accepted the resolution as it stood. The Italian government replied with a refusal to enter into any negotiations with England and France about the matter. Now, seven months later, nothing has been done to obtain the withdrawal of non-Spanish combatants, and the policy of "non-intervention" continues.

Vayo's resolution fell like a bombshell on the Council. Halifax was almost livid with rage, and Bonnet was greatly perturbed. The meeting was suspended so that the members of the Council might discuss the matter in secret. The Spanish delegates, who were not invited to the secret meeting, went down to the bar of the League building, where they were joined by the French Socialist deputy Grumbach, who urged Vayo to withdraw his resolution, which, he said, put Bonnet in an almost impossible position. Grumbach said to Vayo: "You cannot put the French government in the position of having lied." Vayo, however, was concerned to do his best for Spain, not to save the face of the French Foreign Minister; and if Bonnet did not wish to give the lie to Delbos's undertaking of September 30 and the vote of the French delegation at the Assembly on October 4, he had only to abstain in the vote on the Spanish resolution. He had not the courage to do that. He was fetched out of the secret meeting of the Council to talk to Vayo and Grumbach. The latter had drafted an alternative resolution. Bonnet urged Vayo to withdraw his resolution, but Vayo replied that he could neither do that nor agree to any amendment without consulting his government, and that would mean a delay of at least twenty-four hours. The conversation was cut short by the announcement of

SCRAPS OF PAPER AT GENEVA.

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the Secretary-General that the public meeting of the Council would be resumed at once to take a vote on the Spanish resolution. Bonnet had not the presence of mind to ask for an adjournment. He decided unwillingly, after consulting Daladier by telephone, to vote against the resolution.

The result of the vote was a terrible blow to the British and French governments and their "non-intervention" policy. Only the representatives of Poland and Rumania voted with them against the resolution. Litvinov and Vayo voted for it, and the other nine members of the Council abstained. Two of them, Bolivia and Peru, had abstained in the vote of the Assembly on October 4. The other seven—Belgium, China, Ecuador, Iran, Latvia, New Zealand, and Sweden—had voted for the resolution of October 4 and refused to go back on their vote. After the meeting a prominent French journalist publicly attacked Bonnet to his face for not having abstained. The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* reported on May 16 that "the resentment caused in France by Lord Halifax's attitude during the discussion on Spain at Geneva" was as great as ever and that "compared with Lord Halifax, M. Bonnet is pitied rather than blamed."

Daladier and Bonnet and their colleagues in the French Cabinet are no doubt to be pitied for the lack of courage and character that makes them the servile instruments of a British reactionary government, but they cannot escape the responsibility for the policy that they blindly follow, nor its consequences, which are already disastrous to France and to Europe. They are betraying not only Abyssinia and republican Spain and Czechoslovakia but the vital interests of their own country. Events have shown that when they visited London at the end of April Daladier and Bonnet were duped by British diplomacy. They allowed themselves to be drawn into negotiations with Italy, although the Anglo-Italian agreement in effect sanctions the continuance of Italian intervention in Spain until after the end of the Spanish war and is clearly an agreement to secure the victory of Franco, which would be a terrible menace to France. After the visit of Hitler to Rome the semi-official British and French press pretended that the conversations between Hitler and Mussolini had not strengthened the "Rome-Berlin axis," but rather the contrary. This official optimism was plainly unjustified. Exact information about the results of the conversations is lacking, but the information available suggests that Mussolini gave full support to German policy in regard to Czechoslovakia and that an agreement was arrived at for cooperation between Germany and Italy in Southeastern Europe. It seems probable that an actual military alliance was not agreed on, but if it was not, the fact may be due more to German than to Italian hesitation. The members of the German General Staff who accompanied Hitler to Rome were dismayed by the disastrous economic situation of Italy. Their dismay was reflected in an article published on May 6 in the *Militärwochenblatt,* the weekly organ of the German high command. The writer of the article said that Italy formerly received about 80 per cent of its imports by sea, that these imports had been reduced by half, and that no further reduction was possible. The writer continued:

> According to a declaration of Mussolini, the economic chances of the country are not bad, but it must not be forgotten that the present tension of the forces of the nation is not a normal condition. Moreover, the Duce himself emphasized that the resources of Italy are not inexhaustible. In these conditions Italy must aim at a strategy that, by the tension of all forces, will permit a final victory as rapidly as possible.

The reference is to a victory in Spain, and there is no doubt that Mussolini has asked Hitler for immediate help to obtain such a victory, as Italy has sustained heavy losses and the cost of the war against Spain is formidable. The help that Germany can give is necessarily limited, as the German economic situation is also bad.

Clearly the German annexation of Austria has put Mussolini more than ever at Hitler's mercy. If Mussolini tried to escape from the "axis," Hitler would seize Trieste, and it is hardly credible that the English and French peoples would consent to make war to save Trieste for Italy. Mussolini would be nearly at the end of his tether if the British government had not intervened to save him. His speech at Genoa on May 14 showed that Neville Chamberlain's "realist" policy in fact ignored realities and that Hitler's policy had his complete support. As the diplomatic correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* said on May 16, Mussolini supports Hitler's policy toward Russia and Czechoslovakia and also his conception of a five-power pact, which is the old four-power pact plus Poland; Poland being included to make the exclusion of Russia and the isolation of Czechoslovakia more complete. Further, by asserting the permanence of the Anglo-Italian agreement while throwing doubt on the possibility of a Franco-Italian agreement, Mussolini serves Hitler's purpose as well as his own and is trying in connivance with Hitler to drive a wedge between England and France.

The Genoa speech has caused intense resentment in France. Even newspapers of the right that have been consistently pro-Italian are declaring that France cannot tolerate Mussolini's arrogance. The speech ought to put an end to the Franco-Italian negotiations, but it is only too likely that Daladier and Bonnet will continue them under British pressure. French opinion, however, has to be reckoned with, and people in France who have hitherto been blind to realities are beginning to see that concessions to the dictators only make them more exacting and more arrogant.

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The Czechs Stand Guard

BY M. W. FODOR

ON THE eve of the Czechoslovak municipal elections a regrettable incident occurred on the German-Czech frontier. Two Sudeten Germans dashed across the border near Eger (Cheb), and Czech soldiers fired at them, killing both. Using this as a pretext the Germans started to move troops nearer to the Czech frontier. When French, Czech, and English representatives asked for information about this movement of troops, Berlin explained that it was only a seasonal maneuver, from winter quarters into summer barracks. The Czechs, however, were not satisfied, and to prevent a repetition of the events of March 12, when Austria was invaded and annexed, the government mobilized two classes of reserves. In turn it explained that this action was simply a police measure to prevent dangerous incidents during the elections.

The situation was extremely tense during the week-end, and the various European foreign offices were feverishly active. For the sixth time since 1918 the British Cabinet met on a Sunday. But the Czechs knew that the German threat was only an attempt to sound out France. When the German Ambassador called on the French Foreign Minister, M. Bonnet, he was assured that France would fulfil its treaty obligations if Czechoslovakia should be invaded by German troops. "This may mean war," remarked the German Ambassador. "It is up to Herr Hitler," answered Bonnet. The elections of last Sunday, the first of a series, passed without any disturbing incident. The Germans did not invade Czechoslovakia. But the Czechs kept their reserves under arms and have not yet demobilized them.

The success of Henlein at the poles was by no means so overwhelming as Berlin had expected. Hitler's first purpose in moving troops to the frontier had been to intimidate those Sudeten Germans who were still hesitating. If he created the impression that he would soon occupy the region, the hesitating elements would decide to vote for Henlein in order to escape probable persecution if the Nazis really gained the upper hand. But Benes and Hodza were not Schuschnigg. And thanks to their courage May 22 passed and the Germans did not enter northern Bohemia. In the balloting Henlein received, instead of the expected 99 per cent, only 82 per cent of the German vote, which was by no means a large increase over his majority in the elections of May, 1935. Moreover, the municipalities which voted were mostly small villages where the voters were more susceptible to the German terror than those in larger towns would be.

In its attempts to disintegrate Czechoslovakia, Germany is using a strategy not unlike that which Serbia and Russia used toward the old Austrian Empire before the war, namely, fomenting unrest among the subject nationalities. The fundamental fact about Central Europe is that a final and just solution of the question of boundaries on national lines is impossible. The writer of this article was a serious critic of the nationality policy of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, but he pointed out during the war that the break-up of the empire would have serious consequences for the future peace of Europe. Though the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was badly in need of reform, its partition damaged the very countries which promoted it. For the British balance-of-power policy the existence of an Austro-Hungarian commonwealth was a necessity, for France it was a bulwark against pan-German aggression, and for Italy it was a buffer against both pan-German and pan-Slav expansionist aims. It is strange that two formerly progressive journalists, Clemenceau and Mussolini, both of whom should have known better, helped directly or indirectly in the dismemberment of Austria.

In Central Europe, where large nationality groups live in close proximity or hopelessly intermingled, a federal system or commonwealth of nations is absolutely essential. It was a Czech scientist, Palacky, who declared in 1848 that if Austria did not exist, it would have to be invented; and only today we understand fully the wisdom of his utterance. To destroy is easier than to rebuild. The new Czechoslovakia created by Versailles, which took over the heritage of part of the old empire, was neither a just nor a clever solution of the nationalities problem, but at least the peacemakers attained one thing: they established in the heart of Europe a republic which has staunchly and courageously upheld the Anglo-Saxon ideals of democracy and parliamentarism and maintained the principles of justice, liberty, and free speech, principles which have been negated elsewhere in Central Europe.

The writer of these lines can also say that in the days when the Sudeten German, Slovak, and Hungarian minorities were seeking better treatment by democratic means in Czechoslovakia, he supported their claims with his pen. The democratic Czech government committed serious errors in the years immediately after the war when in the flush of victory it tried to impose its will too rigorously on the various nationals within the boundaries of the republic. But when this first wave of Czech

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nationalism subsided, the clever Czech rulers, both the late President Masaryk and his successor, Dr. Benes, tried to repair their mistakes, and the Prague government can boast that the Germans in Czechoslovakia enjoy more privileges than their blood-brothers in any other Central European state; certainly they have a better life than the Germans in Poland or in South Tyrol. Yet Germany counts Poland and Italy among its friends.

President Benes

Why, then, was Czechoslovakia singled out for attack? The answer is simple. First, because it is the last democratic country in Central Europe and refuses to fall in line with the fascist authoritarian experiments; and, second, because it is connected with France and Russia by a system of defensive alliances. To terminate the rule of the last democratic government and to deliver a death blow to the Franco-Russian alliance are the two chief purposes of the German attack on Czechoslovakia. A high Czech official told me that if the Czechs would renounce the French and Russian alliance, Hitler would probably drop all support to Henlein; that is certainly the *clou* of the situation. But Czechoslovakia will not do this "favor."

Though I have always been animated by a pacifist spirit, I can rejoice that today the last Central European democracy will probably be saved by the fact that it has an excellent highly mechanized and well-trained army. The Czechoslovak Republic lacks practically all the raw materials which Germany lacks, but as it did not embark on the dangerous experiment of complete self-sufficiency, it has been able to maintain a favorable balance of trade and in consequence to buy the raw materials required for its armament needs. Despite the dangerous political situation in Europe Czechoslovakia has been able to maintain its favorable balance of trade even this year: the value of exports in the first three months of 1938 amounted to 2.85 billion Czech crowns against 2.5 billion in the same period of 1937; the value of imports amounted to 2.22 billion crowns against 2.33 billion last year. By buying in the free market first-class materials from the United States, Australia, the Dutch colonies, and elsewhere, the Czechs have been able to supply their army with excellent equipment made in their famous armament factories. Even before the war the Skoda factory in Pilsen manufactured heavy sixteen-inch mortars which the Germans had to borrow to conquer some of the northern French and Belgian fortresses. The traditional superiority of the Austrian Skoda works has been maintained under Czech rule. And the machine-guns of the Bruenn state factory are so famous that even the British have bought the latest model.

On the other hand, the invasion of Austria revealed that the autarchy program of Field Marshal Göring had caused dangerous defects in the equipment of the German army. Because of bad tires and bad lubricants the heavy guns and tanks of the German army were unable to reach Vienna, and even the lighter tanks and the motor lorries broke down on the road. The rulers of Germany know this and will scarcely risk a repetition of the Austrian experience in Czechoslovakia. An armed invasion is unlikely, despite the numerical superiority of the German forces. When the German troops entered Vienna, they might have pushed straight on to Bratislava and in conjunction with the German army in Silesia used the "pincers" movement to cut the country of the Czechs in two. Nothing of that sort occurred. On the contrary, Field Marshal Göring hastened to assure M. Mastny, the Czechoslovak Minister in Berlin, that Germany had no offensive designs on Czechoslovakia, and these assurances were repeated to England. Moreover, in confirmation the Germans promised not to bring any German troops in Austria nearer to the Czech frontier than fifteen kilometers. When I visited the Austro-Czech frontier in the middle of March, the German troops were in fact forty miles from it.

It is true that if the war were confined to Germany and Czechoslovakia, Germany, after a prolonged struggle, would emerge the victor. But the Czechs could probably defend their frontiers for three weeks and then, falling back to their second line of defense in Moravia, could fight the German armies for another three months. In that length of time even the most timid and hesitating French government would be forced by the pressure of public opinion to go to the help of Czechoslovakia. And if France went to the help of the Czechs, Russia would do the same. Soviet Russia cannot come to Czechoslovakia's aid before France decides to act, because according to the Russian-Czechoslovak treaty of May, 1935, Russia's help will become operative only if France fulfils its obligation under the Czechoslovak-French treaty.

Prime Minister Hodza

That Germany fully realizes the strength both of the

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Czech army and of the republic's system of alliances was shown before the events of May 22. On the night of the occupation of Austria the German army delayed starting for twelve hours after Schuschnigg's radio announcement that German troops were about to enter Austria. During that time the German government made repeated inquiries in Prague to find out whether Czechoslovakia had mobilized, and only when it received assurance that this was not the case did the German troops enter Austria on March 12.

The danger of German intervention in Czechoslovakia of course is not quite over, because there will be two more election days, one on May 29 and one on June 12. Nevertheless, it seems to be receding. The Czechoslovak government is determined to maintain its sovereignty and to give only such concessions to the Sudeten German population as will not endanger the safety of the republic. The demands of Henlein, which amount to autonomy, cannot be accepted by Hodza. To permit the establishment of a dictatorial Nazi regime (which, in reality, would receive its orders from Berlin) within the confines of a democratic republic, would be the best way to disrupt that republic. However, the government's minority statute, to be brought before Parliament within a few days, will give far-reaching cultural autonomy and allow Germans greater participation in the government and in the law courts.

At the same time much will have to be done for the economic improvement of the Sudeten-German industrial districts. The inhabitants complain, for example, that they have not been allotted a fair share of the War Ministry's orders. The Czechs say this is only because the factories in the Sudeten districts are within range of the heavy German guns. They are showing considerable understanding of the situation, and the new trade treaty with the United States has been drawn in such a way that the increased quotas will chiefly benefit the Sudeten German industries. The Prague government hopes that if work is found for the unemployed Sudeten Germans, they will be less eager to join extremist movements.

In the Shadow of the Capitol

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

Washington, May 23

THE bemused tourist visiting the national capital watches Congress in session, hears arguments in the Supreme Court, wrings the limp hand of his representative, and observes the Grand Army of the Pay-Rollers flooding homeward when the government offices close for the night. Those well-fed, briskly moving inhabitants of the capital seem to him as far removed from the dolors of the 1938 depression as are the loungers at the Willard cocktail bar from the queues of the hungry unemployed in Cleveland. His sightseeing trip has not taken him through "Washerwomen's Row," a grim alley in plain view of the Capitol lined with the rickety shacks of the desperately poor.

In this and other Washington slums unemployment, hunger, and bleak despair have made such swift conquests in the past few months that men and women who have gone backstage of the conventional Washington scenery talk seriously of the onset of "mass starvation." They contend, these sober social workers, church people, consumer and labor representatives, that the city to which the rest of America looks for leadership is failing to meet the elementary demands of its own unemployed. With the resources of private charities long since exhausted, with fifty thousand applicants registered at employment centers that can offer little work, with thousands of unemployables on the relief rolls, which must constantly be revised upward, a strangely economizing federal government approves only $900,000 for Washington relief needs for a year. And of this miserly sum, which comes not from federal funds but from the forty million dollars contributed annually to the federal treasury by unrepresented Washington taxpayers, the Bureau of the Budget now proposes to divert $200,000 to other than direct relief purposes.

Various persons in Washington, the bitter cries for help from the alleys drumming in their ears, have made determined efforts to obtain an adequate appropriation but have simply been shunted from one tight-fisted committee to another. Relief funds for the District of Columbia trickle through labyrinthine channels. The Board of Public Welfare initiates estimates for public relief; the commissioners who govern Washington revise these estimates; the Federal Budget Bureau usually cuts the commissioners' estimates; a subcommittee of the House on District of Columbia appropriations receives the bill from the Budget Bureau and reports its findings to the entire Appropriations Committee; the bill then goes to the House; when approved, it goes to the Senate subcommittee on appropriations for the District of Columbia, is referred to the entire Appropriations Committee, is reported to the Senate; any disagreements between the House and Senate reports are then ironed out in conference; and the bill finally goes to the President. The

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socially conscious, bearing stories of acute human misery, have been received by the hard-boiled committees with the suspicion usually reserved for bank defaulters, business chiselers, and members of the Workers' Alliance. After a long series of Star Chamber inquisitions, they have finally been promised an investigation of the whole relief situation; but the findings of such an investigation can have no result until Congress meets again next January.

Washington citizens are helpless before politicians from the sticks, as helpless as the chiefs of an Osage Indian tribe, for like the Osages they have no vote. They can only hope that the next group of commissioners set over them will be more liberal than the last. The Congressional attitude toward relief is illustrated by the report of recent hearings before the subcommittee of the House on appropriations for the District. Congressman Ross Collins of Mississippi is the chairman and to all intents and purposes the entire committee.

The Gentleman from Mississippi suspects audibly that such Washington unemployed as are lucky enough to receive $26 a month for relief are living in Babylonian luxury and sin. He questions social workers as to the extent of alcoholism among the recipients of this bounty. He says that he has heard that many homes receiving relief are "simply assignation houses." He wonders if the relief workers are not making things up. He speaks sneeringly of "de luxe relief."

Miss Alice Hill, director of the Public Assistance Department in charge of public relief for the District, came before Mr. Collins for cross-examination. Mr. Collins told her about Mrs. A, "a strapping young colored woman who got on relief when the doors opened in 1932. When all single domestics were cut off some time later, she adopted a baby and got back on relief as she had suddenly become a mother. . . . She was very large and ugly and had all the relief workers afraid of her. . . . Her mother and brother also were cases at the same address and were pulling down a nice sum altogether. The three cases were then transferred to a problem worker as mental cases, and she went out to see them."

Here Miss Hill interposed: "We have no problem workers on mental cases, Mr. Collins."

Mr. Collins continued: "Mrs. A had a new electric washing-machine and flew into a rage when the worker walked in on her, threatening to kill her if she interfered. The so-called problem worker was, in fact, thrown out of the house, and was badly razzed by her associates for her failure to get anywhere with Mrs. A. That is another case which, according to my information, came from cases in your office."

Miss Hill said: "I do not know anything about them at all."

But Ross Collins was now in full swing and told another about a colored man who had never been off relief though he had obtained various private jobs. When his history was shown to one described by Mr. Collins as "a good Public Assistance Division worker," the latter, according to Mr. Collins, said: "That's nothing. All the colored cases are like that."

Next, to the admiring murmur of Washington taxpayers out to whittle down relief funds, Mr. Collins wanted to know about the unionization of workers in Miss Hill's office. She told him that she had heard of the formation of a union some time back but that the organization had disbanded. Mr. Collins wondered if the union was a C. I. O. affiliate and asked about the degree of its redness.

After these scientific researches Mr. Collins rose on the floor of Congress to speak against any increase to the $900,000 appropriation for the fiscal year of 1939. Having asked who was in favor of an increase, he answered himself by saying, "A few social workers in the District." The people of Washington on the whole, he said, were against raising relief, and he cited a number of communications from the Washington Board of Trade and similar bodies to prove it. Among these organizations he included the Washington Taxpayers' Association, which he said represented 100,000 Washington residents. A more meticulous statistician might have been embarrassed when the head of that organization later stated that it had a membership of about 500. But Ross Collins was not embarrassed. By that time he had told so many funny stories about unemployed Negroes and spread around so much suspicion of the honesty of relief work that it was no trick at all to keep the appropriation down.

This notable triumph of the social views of Mississippi over those of the nation's capital means that some 6,000 unemployed must face the misery of destitution, that half of the city's 2,677 unemployable residents without means of support must be abandoned to their fate, that Washington jails must be enlarged to take care of desperate men who are not going to sit by while their families starve, and that Washington hospitals must somehow accommodate an influx of patients suffering from what are euphemistically called "deficiency diseases."

"Mass starvation"? Oh, a touch of it. But after all, isn't it incumbent upon Washington to show the rest of the country how practical statesmen can put an end to this nonsense of "de luxe relief"? And hasn't Mr. Collins a letter in his pocket from the civic groups thanking him humbly for his aid in bringing about the investigation?

The inadequacy of relief is driving home to more and more Washingtonians the disadvantages of their political impotence. At a referendum held recently District residents voted thirteen to one for national representation, seven to one for local suffrage. Incidentally, many ballots were spoiled by men and women well on in

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years who were confused by the novelty of the thing. The last time Washington voted was in 1874.

One hopeful feature of the otherwise depressing relief situation is the character of the man just selected to head the investigation of the whole unemployment picture, Burdette G. Lewis of Plainfield, New Jersey. Mr. Lewis's record as a hard-headed reformer and a big-hearted human being is a long and honorable one. He has had experience in welfare work, crime prevention, conservation, and unemployment relief. If anyone can do anything constructive about relieving the distress of "Washerwomen's Row" it is Burdette Lewis. He will of course be under constant fire from the taxpayers' groups and their Congressional allies. He has been under fire before, however, and recognizes by now the whistle of a propaganda bullet. If his report clings doggedly to the facts in the case, it will show that Washington deals out to helpless Americans as cruel and niggardly treatment as can be found the country over.

In the Wind

NORMAN DAVIS has been named chairman of the Red Cross, and the drive to obtain funds for relief to China is in full swing; but before it got started months passed marked only by discord and inactivity. When the question first arose, some Red Cross leaders—mostly the anti-New Dealers—violently opposed raising funds for China. They insisted that aid from the American Red Cross would "antagonize the Japanese" and that "invasion was not an act of God." These arguments led one Chinese spokesman to inquire: "Are you more afraid of antagonizing the Japanese by helping their victims than of antagonizing God by helping his?" Finally, just as things were being straightened out here, word came that a group of American missionaries in China were planning to form a "suicide battalion" to dramatize the desperate need for help.

HERE IS a sequel to the strange activities of the "Committee on Mexican Relations." Two weeks ago the story of a girl who, seeking a job, found that no "committee" existed at the address listed on material sent out by the committee to editors was printed in this column. It will be recalled that she wrote to the "committee" and received in reply an employment application blank from Standard Oil of New Jersey. Last week another person wrote to the same "committee" asking for material on the Mexican crisis. He received a booklet called "Expropriation," issued by Standard Oil of California and the Huasteca Petroleum Company.

FORD'S HIGH-PRESSURE attorneys have been firing questions at the National Labor Relations Board. They want to know whether the board, before ordering reinstatement of twenty-nine Ford employees, consulted Cohen, Corcoran, and company. To his friends Cohen commented mournfully: "I hope I'm not put on the stand to answer that. It would be humiliating to admit that the board just went ahead on its own—without consulting Corcoran or me!"

IN A PRIVATE letter sent out by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis from 132 Morningside Drive, New York, two post-mortems on the reorganization-bill fight are noted:

1. When Herbert Hoover returned from Europe, every newspaper except one quoted him as saying that he did "not consider [the bill] equivalent or nearly equivalent to dictatorship." The *Herald Tribune* quoted him as expressing "fear that [it] was a step toward an authoritarian form of government."

2. Not once, in any headline, story, or editorial, did the Chicago *Daily News* mention the "reorganization" bill. It was always the "dictator" bill—without quotes.

A GROUP of Communist marine workers recently gave Earl Browder a ship's clock as a birthday present. The ceremony was carefully planned; the presentation was made precisely at noon. The clock dutifully sounded eight bells. Everyone smiled jubilantly except Jack Stachel, solemn-faced central-committee member. He muttered glumly: "Sure, it's a nice present. But why does it strike eight at noon?"

AROUND THE WORLD: John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty," Bertrand Russell's "Roads to Freedom," Aldous Huxley's short stories, and novels by James Joyce and Thomas Hardy have been banned in Japanese colleges and schools. . . . The Canadian Press Service has abandoned a feature called "Bright Spots of the Week in Trade and Finance." Reason: insufficiency of items. . . . Apparently there wasn't much joy on the Nazi-conducted "Strength Through Joy" tour of Austrian workers through Germany. Many brought back critical reports; forty were so critical that they've been returned to Germany for another look—inside the Dachau concentration camp. . . . British owners of the Rio Tinto mines, hitherto ardent supporters of Franco, are reported to have cooled toward him. The general has compelled them to turn over the sterling proceeds of their mines, and take in exchange Franco pesetas.

CROSS-COUNTRY: Some people say that Germany's withdrawal from the World's Fair in New York was a subterfuge to escape a public boycott, and that individual German firms, backed by the Nazi government, are quietly bidding for concessions at a low price. . . . New York radio and theater artists have launched a pro-labor night club. It is held at New York's "Chez Firehouse" once a week, the program is emphatically anti-fascist, and the proceeds—$4,000 thus far—go to Spain and China. . . . On a recent visit to Washington Harold J. Laski spent many hours with Justice Black. Later he remarked that Black measured up to any of his colleagues now on the bench and would be "its outstanding figure in five years."

AMERICANS IN Paris recently discovered in *L'Oeuvre* two long quotations from American columnists on the Spanish embargo issue. One was from the New York *Herald Tribune*, and its author, said *L'Oeuvre*, was "Dorothy Lamour." The other, from the same paper, was by Walter Lippmann. Her jungle lover?

[*We warmly invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EVERY liberal must rejoice at the defeat for renomination as governor of Charles H. Martin in the Democratic primary in Oregon. I am especially gratified that the victory is to be credited to organized labor, and that the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. stood shoulder to shoulder. That is an object lesson for the warring labor leaders throughout the country which they ought to take to heart. Governor Martin is a retired major general of the regular army, seventy-four years of age, whose pleasant sobriquet is "Old Ironpants." He is the man who last January started a campaign against some criminal labor terrorists which has resulted in the indictment of seventy-three persons, many of them A. F. of L. leaders, of whom thirty-seven have admitted their guilt. Now I do not deny that the labor situation in Oregon and Washington has been extremely bad, and that many crimes have been committed by organized labor. But there have also been serious wrongs and violence on the other side, the total result being that the great lumber industry has been tied up for months at a time. It is a situation which reflects upon the whole country and brings out clearly enough how shocking and costly is the present relationship between labor and capital. But the Governor has not tried to keep the scales even. He has been a tremendous partisan on the side of capital. Moreover, he has openly criticized or attacked liberals and of course all radicals. He has literally seen "red" at every turn. In other words, he has been the almost complete reactionary in public office.

Had he been renominated and then reelected there is no telling to what lengths he would have gone, for he would certainly have then felt that the voters had given him carte blanche to war on labor and anybody else whose views he did not like. In his eagerness to be renominated he wound up his campaign by claiming that he was a devoted adherent of the New Deal and allowed to be circulated a remark that President Roosevelt had made to him when they met at the Grand Coulee dam: "You and I made a good pair." The President promptly denied he said this. He could hardly do less, since the Governor had called the Secretary of Labor "that miserable Secretary," had also criticized Secretary Ickes and the National Labor Relations Board. This was being an upholder of the New Deal! Aside from his attitude toward the federal government, however, and even toward labor, General Martin was not the man to lead the state of Oregon along paths of progress.

This business of putting retired generals into civilian offices usually fails to work. Trained to army routine and red tape, to blind army obedience, without experience in meeting criticism and dissent, they become a danger in a high government post. There is another example of this—in Puerto Rico. Major General Blanton Winship, retired, has exactly the same mentality as General Martin and is nearly as old. Personally a kind and well-meaning man, he sees the dissent from our American policies which is so widespread in the island only as something treacherous and treasonable. When trouble threatened in Ponce he took seriously the statements that armed forces were going to converge on the town and dispatched thither a great force of police, with the result that there was the worst slaughter by the police in the history of Puerto Rico. The jury which was empaneled to try some of the survivors among the Nationalist participants acquitted them. Since then appeals have been made to Governor Winship to put the police on trial for murder, for if the civilians were not responsible the police must have been. That would be going contrary to his belief that authority must be upheld at every cost, and so nothing has been done. As I pointed out some months ago in an article on Puerto Rico, when Colonel Riggs, the admirable chief of police, was wantonly and wickedly murdered by two Puerto Rico youths, they were taken to the nearest police station and there shot down on the pretense that they had made a rush for arms hanging on the wall with which to attack their captors—an excuse whose absurdity needs no demonstration. When the policemen were acquitted, Governor Winship actually put two of them on duty at his own headquarters, which was naturally interpreted by the island as meaning that he entirely approved their lawless act.

The warning of these two governors is plain. If we should have a strong fascist movement in the United States, or an executive in Washington who desired to arrogate to himself extra-legal and extra-constitutional powers, the Martins and Winships would go along. Their training makes them ready to uphold authority at any cost and does not teach them how to deal with such criminal or misled labor elements as some of those in Oregon—or the decent labor leaders—save with the mailed fist. Yet these are the times when executives need to use patience, forbearance if possible, above all every other method of composing differences before resorting to blind force.

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ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

AT THE head of this report I set my fear of ghosts. It will be seen how significantly it hangs together with the history of dying Austria.

For years ghosts have walked in friendly, gay, radiant Austria, and no one has seen them, no one wanted to see them. And just as my poor little country failed to see them groping about in the bright daylight and for that failure was ruined, so the whole world looks away from ghosts and believes only in realities. If this story of—I will not conceal it—my chronic fear, which at the same time is the story of a state without fear, instructs the politicians about "intercourse with ghosts," it will have achieved its purpose. The conclusion to be drawn is that the best weapon against the enemy is to believe that he is capable of anything.

LIGHTNING ON AN AUGUST NIGHT

The last days both of Austria and of my Austrian existence were preceded by an unforgettable night, as a storm is preceded by lightning. On that August night the sky was black and heavy with rain, which was not surprising as I was in Salzburg at the time of the festival. I sat with a friend, a lady from Czechoslovakia, under the protecting arcade of a huge beer garden. Instead of pleasant Austrian melodies, a peasant orchestra had been playing Prussian regimental marches the whole evening, to the enthusiastic applause of the guests. I knew therefore in what sort of place I was.

We were the last in the deserted garden; the waitresses were already taking off the table-cloths. Strange stillness after the tumult—one heard only shuffling footsteps on the gravel. We walked across a courtyard to the exit on the bank of the Salzach. But the door of the inn was locked. Someone had shown impolite haste in bolting the door before our very noses. Strange! We would have to go out the rear door, we were told, into the narrow alley which led directly to Bavaria and the Reich.

Outside, I looked up and down and wondered. In the alley, where the red lamp of the wine restaurant opposite glowed like a last traffic light, three men stood waiting, at some distance from one another. One was quite close to us; the two others were on the sidewalk opposite. They stood there with such artless nonchalance that I asked myself involuntarily, why are they so extremely unconcerned? At that moment my eye fell upon an automobile license plate which was illumined by the lamp opposite. It bore a big D. From Germany, was it? The powerful car stood in the shadow. I glanced quickly at the restaurant's sign. Yes, it was the Bristol Bar. Wasn't that the place to which I had been invited a few days ago by the friendly fellow whom the chief of police had warned me against? Quick, back into the dark hallway of the cafe. Explanations later. We run back, knock on the wine steward's door; he grumbles something in a sleepy voice (though he had shut the door only two minutes before). "If you don't unbar the front gate at once," I cry out, "I will report you." He asks no questions, calls me no names, is not curious about why I will report him. He steps out and silently opens the gate for us.

Without doubt my abduction was planned. I am surer of it today, after Austria's "last day." At that time Viennese warnings buzzed in my ears: I shouldn't trust myself too near the Salzburg border; in intercepted documents there was mention of me and of an intended coup. Quite credible now. The *Völkischer Beobachter* had often made friendly inquiries among its readers about how long I should be kept under observation.

I turn back to the bank of the Salzach, to which the wine steward's broad keyring has released me. The night is not yet over. I should not have described the first half of it in such detail if it had not led up to the real adventure, to a historic event I might say.

We feel we are not yet safe. In the pouring rain we hurry over the bridge to the cozy Cafe Bazar, which is always reassuringly crowded with prominent people.

In the downpour the cafe is deserted. But outside, in a little garden running down to the river, a belated group of people are sitting in an arbor. A man's voice calls to me, "Are you here again?" I step nearer and recognize Count Franz Eszterhazy, a well-known music lover—the composer Haydn lived and worked at the house of his great-great-grandfather. "Yes, I'm here, but only by a hair's breadth. I might have been over there"—and I point to the west, toward Germany. Then I tell my story, without looking at the other people at the table. A young man, unrecognizable in the darkness of the ivy foliage, interrupts laughingly, "Aren't you seeing ghosts?" Voice and accent are those of an Austrian aristocrat. I look more closely at the speaker.

"You precisely, Highness, should not say that. If your

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friend and leader, Dollfuss, had seen ghosts, he would be alive today."

The young man, with whom I there first became acquainted, was Prince Rüdiger Starhemberg, the former vice-chancellor and commander of the Heimwehr, forced into retirement by Hitler's and Mussolini's wish, but still the "first sport leader." In February, 1934, he had had the Viennese workmen shot down. He was then Schuschnigg's rival.

A memorable conversation follows. I say: "In these times a person who struggles against Nazism, or who simply shows no sympathy for it, must feel like a hare with a hunter on his scent. I have the instinct of the hunted hare. For I know the face of the hunter. Hunters have always the same type of face—incurably hard, malicious, ill-favored by nature—as we say nowadays, alas, a German face. In your place, Highness, I should have formed a special 'physiognomic' police corps for rooting all such faces out of Austria."

Starhemberg, who knows that I lean to the left, is surprised: Am I then in favor of a dictator?

Instead of giving a direct answer I refer to an article which I had written for a French magazine at the time of Starhemberg's retirement. "I took your part there, against the Chancellor. I wrote: 'A person who wars against gangsters should have no feelings, not even democratic feelings, certainly not national feelings. He must realize that it is war to the death; he must—' "

Starhemberg completed my sentence, smiling: "He must be a gangster himself."

"No, but he must have the gangster psychology. Schuschnigg is too much of a humanist. From his college days he has been sentimental about everything German. That may get him into trouble. He will do penance not for having been too much a dictator but too little. A dictatorship must spread fear and terror. If it doesn't, if it goes only half way, it will be gobbled up by a more thoroughgoing dictatorship. That is why I am now—for you."

Starhemberg looked quizzically from one to the other of us as if he wanted to say, "Is that a compliment or an insult?" Then his gaze roved over the ivy hedge to the bank of the Salzach, where strange forms were wandering around in the night. A mountaineer with a broad-brimmed hat and flowing beard who for a quarter of an hour had been unconcernedly collecting cigarette butts with his Alpenstock caught my eye. I pointed to him. "Look!"

Starhemberg looked and smiled again. "Don't worry, that is my bodyguard."

I answer: "I would be on guard against the bodyguard. One day the policeman dresses like a bandit, another day the bandit dresses like a policeman."

It was spoken in fun. But Starhemberg suddenly looked extremely serious and reflective. Undoubtedly he saw before him the day when his friend Dollfuss was murdered by criminals some of whom were dressed like policemen, some of whom really were the police. Before my eyes appeared another day, not in the past but in the future, the day when all Austria, like myself that night, would be running around a broad but suddenly too constricted courtyard—only then not simply the front but also the back gate would be locked. Laugh if you will, Highness; even your laughter will die away.

FIVE WEEKS—BETWEEN VIENNA AND PRAGUE

To go on with the story of the ghosts that haunted me—that is, with the story of dying Austria.

February and March of this year, the critical five weeks between the beginning and the end of the drama, I passed almost like a Pullman conductor, going back and forth between Vienna and Prague. My passport is stamped: February 2, departure from Vienna; February 11, arrival; February 15, departure; February 16, arrival; February 20, departure; February 24, arrival; February 25, departure; February 26, arrival; February 28, departure; March 9, arrival; March 11 (the end of Austria), departure.

Almost every one of these days is a historic date. On the fourth of February the Reichswehr revolt broke out; on the eleventh the conversation between Hitler and Schuschnigg was held at Berchtesgaden; on the fifteenth the Austrian half-Nazi government took office; on the twentieth Hitler made his great speech; on the twenty-fourth Schuschnigg made his; on the ninth of March he announced the plebiscite; on the eleventh German troops crossed the border.

The reader must not imagine that each of these events made me jump and then run at top speed to the railroad station. Often the new happening came after my arrival. The correspondence of the dates indicates rather a continuous and logical presentiment on my part—I was reporting for a Prague financial newspaper, and I deduced one event from the other in my characteristic way.

A person on the outside or one who believes the German accounts sees the true course of events expressed in this sequence of dates. Thus he says to himself: First the generals revolted; that made Hitler ready for a reconciliation with his neighbor; he invited Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden; Schuschnigg, however, refused to obey; and so matters came to a head. In reality events succeeded each other as if by a kind of Ibsen technique, their presentation and their significance appeared in inverted order, just as each successive scene of an Ibsen drama first reveals what happened long before. The eleventh of March was implicit in the fourth of February. But to realize that, knowledge of another date is needed: two days before February 4 the plans of a conspiracy against the government had been found in Vienna, and they

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bore the signatures of Hitler's deputy, Hess, and of one of the highest German troop commanders.

At that time I was in Prague. Foreign correspondents had told me previously in Vienna that their embassies had exacted from them the promise that for the time being they would make no use of the Vienna revelations; Schuschnigg had asked it in the interest of peace. Mussolini had made it clear to him the day before, from Rome, that he should not exaggerate the matter.

The gist of these disclosures was soon known in foreign countries. Together with general directions for bringing about riots in order to provide the German military with a pretext for a "peaceful invasion," the plan—fabricated out of the spirit of the Dollfuss murder—provided that Austrian National Socialists, dressed as adherents of Kaiser Otto and members of the Fatherland Front, should force an entrance into the German embassy in Vienna and kill Herr von Papen: two birds with one stone—an excuse for punitive action and riddance of a man who shared too many embarrassing secrets. Since June, 1934, Papen had feared for his life and tried the more assiduously to curry favor with the Nazi regime. (The Nazis have denied they planned his murder. But the mysterious disappearance of Papen's secretary and counselor of the legation, Baron Ketteler, immediately after Hitler's entrance into Vienna and the discovery of his mutilated body furnish shocking confirmation. In Hitler's Reich this is the fate of one who knows too much.)

In politics monomanias sometimes serve for logical thinking. Because of the strength of my illusion that everything around me and around Austria was whirling, I knew at once things that only later turned out to be true. The high Reichswehr officers had resigned from the Führer's service on March 4 not at all on vague grounds of caste and *Weltanschauung*, as the world press supposed; the ostensible "basic differences" were rather the veil over a secret. The secret was Austria. General von Fritsch and his staff had got wind of the Vienna disclosures from the foreign ambassadors (that was apparently their high treason) and wanted to have no part in the affair. I ran from newspaper office to newspaper office and launched this new idea to many surprised headshakings.

My feelings can be imagined when a week later on my next trip to Vienna I read the headline in the evening papers: "Schuschnigg with Hitler." Was it a reconciliation in order to deny before the world the revelations about the Reichswehr and the Vienna plan? No, a hardened evil-doer would place no value on that. The Führer had found he couldn't get his Austria in twenty-four hours by a military *coup de main*. He held a court of terror among his officers. Twenty-five generals are said to have been killed; others fled—to Austria! One of those who saved himself—he is now living in Switzerland—has said that at the beginning of February he received a pressing invitation to come to the Reichswehr ministry in Berlin. He set out by rail. In the train, however, either because he had a presentiment of evil or because his wife had strongly urged him not to go, he began to feel that the affair was a little suspicious. He got out at the next station and returned home, where he found his wife overcome by terror and grief. She had just received a telegram from Berlin: "Your husband has met with an unfortunate accident and is dead. You can send for the sealed coffin at such and such a time." Now, in that way, thinks Hitler, we shall soon have the Reichswehr "clean." Then we can go back to Plan A (invasion of Austria). In the meanwhile, even though our heart is bursting with impatience, we'll try peaceful conquest by means of an "internal revolution," but that too must not take more than from four to six weeks. How can it be done in such a short time? The police and all the machinery of law and order must come into Nazi hands. Herr Schuschnigg can then make all the speeches he wants to, calling his people to a holy war.

I do not mean that I saw the content and the results of the Berchtesgaden visit so plainly all at once. I knew only that the invitation must have been accepted under compulsion, presumably at Mussolini's dictation—and that was enough for me.

[*Escape from the Mousetrap will appear in three instalments, of which this is the first.*]

Prelude

BY D. S. SAVAGE

This city is a mausoleum where stone
pavements are tombstones for the murdered dead
imprisoned trees stand stark in grimly inclosed
spaces gesticulate to torn hurrying clouds

Ixion of the black industrial day
the spirit of man is crucified on street-
railings the senses' tendrils amputated
in the harsh glare of purple arclamps where

the damned at midnight deathdance emaciate
metallic wristwatch tampering with pulse
among the somber wastes of grimy brick
the stucco palaces and cluttered yards

and slumped in rags on benches by the dark
swirling of waters hungry and shivering
do not remember pastoral days when rain
swept like bright steel over their fallow fields

sundered from sap without branch and root
stunted in prisoning stone until the dawn
blazes red in the acid cold morning sky
and shackled hands are clenched to strike.

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BOOKS

Louis Adamic's America

MY AMERICA. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

AS AN immigrant from the small, village-bound world of Carniola in Slovenia, where caste rules and man is made for the state, Louis Adamic has had to work overtime to arrive at an understanding of the sprawling, fluid, continental nation of his adoption. The process of getting used to something of an entirely new order and scale has developed in him a preternatural awareness that escapes our smug Yankee stock; from a fumbling Menckenian he has developed into the most acute, the most sympathetic, the best, of our free-lance social commentators. "My America" is not a finished book, not an integrated book; it is pieced together out of diaries and magazine journalism and the good, rich letters which Louis Adamic inevitably draws from his friends. But it is worth a dozen more finished books, for it is alive and palpitating with the force of a genuine and uniquely honest personality on every page. Louis Adamic is one political and social analyst who doesn't play politics when he sits down to his typewriter.

Not so many years ago Louis Adamic's figure for America was "the jungle." Now he thinks of his adopted land as an organism with a split personality. In politics this organism is, or tends to be, democratic. But its industry is organized on authoritarian lines. The result of the cleavage is a deep uneasiness in most Americans. This uneasiness makes for a national neurosis, and in many people it provokes a temper that goes in for short-cut methods that always defeat themselves. When Louis Adamic first became interested in the American labor movement he ran across the story of the McNamaras and the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times*. An old California Populist-Socialist, Edward Adams Cantrell, told him the inside version of that amazing labor débâcle; and the lesson that conspiratorial violence means failure for labor in a middle-class country has been with Louis Adamic ever since. Distrusting the conspiratorial act, the extra-legal short-cut born of angry animus, Louis Adamic refuses to be Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, Blanquist, Trotskyist. Arrogance, to him, is the beginning of evil. Other people talk of democracy; Louis Adamic has it in his bones.

Since democracy means patience, Louis Adamic believes in second thoughts and a subtle journalism. For example, he would never leap on Phil La Follette for being a "fascist" until he had heard him out and watched him give content to his slogans and his phrases. The chapter on Phil in "My America," written before the attempt was made to conjure the National Progressives out of the grassroots, is worth a dozen columns on the subject by Heywood Broun, who jumped the gun on Phil in a totally unfair way. (Incidentally, Louis Adamic warns Phil not to attempt to go too fast —which means, "Don't break with Roosevelt as long as the New Deal is in control of the Democratic Party.") But Phil is only one sympathetic portrait in a gallery filled with admirably caught nuances of character. Louis Adamic on John L. Lewis, on Harry Bridges, on Benjamin Stolberg, on Red Lewis and the various amusing contretemps in New York's "Literary Rotary" of 1935, is always searching and always just. His chapter on Maxo Vanka, the Yugoslav painter, packs a terrific wallop. And his ability to be on the scene when social strife is about to break—in Akron of the first sitdown strikes, in the anthracite country when "bootleg coal" was a new phenomenon—is uncanny. As a war correspondent on the home front he beats our John Spivaks all hollow simply because he broods, assesses, and relates as well as reports. The only time he goes wrong is when he is writing about the New Education; here he tends to see his heroes about five times life size, as in his chapter on Black Mountain. Education for life in a democracy demands more discipline and formal training than Louis Adamic seems to realize.

The sloganeers won't like "My America." They will call Louis Adamic a mystic. They will say that he has an unreal dream of America in his mind; they will call him an innocent in a world of power politics. But five, ten, fifteen years from now Louis Adamic will seem so right in most of his judgments as to be trite. Either that, or America will be the jungle Louis Adamic once thought it was.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A Great Illinoisan

"EAGLE FORGOTTEN": THE LIFE OF JOHN PETER ALTGELD. By Harry Barnard. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.

WE HAVE long needed an adequate biography of Altgeld, one of the most misunderstood and falsely vilified of American political leaders. This book meets this need in every way. Mr. Barnard has spent years in gathering his material, and with the aid of the papers and memories of the late George Schilling and others he has given us not only a well-written and sympathetic but also an authoritative biography.

Altgeld's rise in Illinois politics was strikingly rapid. Coming to Chicago in 1875 as a penniless lawyer of twenty-eight, by 1892 he had not only become governor and leader of the Democratic Party in Illinois, but had also made a fortune of half a million out of real estate. It is one of Mr. Barnard's merits that while he properly admires Altgeld, he does not suppress but instead fully states some of the less scrupulous methods by which Altgeld sought and obtained power. These human weaknesses make us admire Altgeld's later heroism all the more.

The first great moral struggle which faced Governor Altgeld was whether or not he should pardon the remaining Chicago anarchists who, after an unfair trial and under a tortured extension of the doctrine of conspiracy, had been convicted of the Haymarket bombings, in which it is virtually certain they did not have any direct part. To pardon them would be an act of simple justice, but it would almost certainly ruin his political career. The crucial moment of Altgeld's life was that when, pacing indecisively in the governor's mansion at Springfield, he paused before the portrait of another black-bearded Illinoisan and, drawing strength

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from the face of Abraham Lincoln, determined to follow his conscience.

The attacks of the press and of the propertied classes were almost incredibly savage, and it has been generally believed that Altgeld slowly withered away under them. Mr. Barnard shows that this was not the case, that, on the contrary, he steadily became an even more energized battler for liberalism and the under-dog. In the following year he bitterly opposed the sending of federal troops into Illinois to break the Pullman strike. Once again the conservative press and public foamed at Altgeld, but here as well the sober judgment of time has vindicated him rather than them.

In spite of all such opposition Altgeld remained the undisputed master of the Democratic Party in Illinois, and he largely wrote the platform at the National Convention of 1896. This sincerely denounced monopoly, government by injunction, and the rejection by the Supreme Court of the income tax, and advocated progressive taxation and freedom of speech, as well as free silver. During the campaign which followed, Altgeld, next to Bryan, bore the brunt of the battle in a bitter struggle between classes which was not to be duplicated in American politics until 1936. Defeated for re-election, and with his entire fortune swept away by the collapse of real-estate values and the machinations of his enemy, John R. Walsh, Altgeld returned to Chicago as a bankrupt, to start life afresh.

Altgeld's third great act of heroism was when, during the concluding days of his administration, he refused a bribe of $500,000 from Charles T. Yerkes to let the infamous Allen bills become law. These granted Yerkes's traction company a ninety-nine-year franchise to the streets of Chicago, and the half million would of course have saved Altgeld and his beloved Unity Block. With certain bankruptcy facing him, Altgeld stood firm and in a stinging message to the legislature vetoed the bills.

At the same time Altgeld threw away another fortune by vetoing the Ogden gas steal, in which his cousin and business partner, John Lanehart, had taken a leading part. When Lanehart later left his share of the Ogden stock to Altgeld, the latter refused to accept a penny of it and devoted the entire amount to clearing up Lanehart's debts, many of which were legally and perhaps morally uncollectible. Mr. Barnard's sober record of these facts should dispose forever of the charges which Carter Harrison has recently made of Altgeld's share in this episode.

For a long time the causes for which Altgeld fought seemed indeed to be crushed beyond hope and he himself to be relegated to oblivion, while the moral standards of McKinley and Mark Hanna appeared to be in full triumph. But now it is they who are forgotten and Altgeld who lives. He lives because of the integrity and compassion of his life, and because these qualities have struck root in the souls of men. They caused the prairie poet, Vachel Lindsay, to write in Altgeld's memory his "Sleep softly—eagle forgotten," and they have caused the gifted author of the present chronicle to tell the truthful and moving story of Altgeld's life. One rises from this book with renewed faith in the ultimate judgment of history—provided that there are such careful and conscientious historians as Mr. Barnard with a passion to keep the record straight.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

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The Old Japan in the New

JAPAN IN TRANSITION. By Emil Lederer and Emy Lederer-Seidler. Yale University Press. $3.

THERE is a general tendency to look upon Japan as a Westernized country, or as one that is being progressively Westernized. We are apt to think of Japan in terms of its drive on world markets, its modern battleships and air fleets, and its technically advanced cotton mills. These are the externals of Japan's striking modernization, much more apparent than the underlying continuance of old attitudes and processes in Japanese life. They are akin to the experience and outlook of Europeans and Americans, and so tend to occupy the foreground of the picture of Japan that presents itself to Western eyes. For such a point of view this searching analysis of Japan's culture and civilization during a transitional epoch comes as a healthy corrective. It is devoted in large part to showing the stubborn persistence of feudal ways in modern Japan, and, by virtue of this fact, the intolerable tensions and seemingly insoluble problems which a capitalist economy has brought in its train. As the authors indicate, these problems and tensions are as yet by no means resolved. Adaptation of the new to the old has taken place along lines of least resistance; the whole process, at the same time, galvanizes a reaction which strengthens resistance to further innovation or attempts to undo what has already been done. The full crisis of the transition is still ahead.

The authors have distilled the essence of the old Japan as it finds expression in the present. To this task they have brought philosophical comprehension, keen appreciation, and sympathetic insight. A brief opening chapter picturing the oneness of this land and its people is both artistic and moving. From the natural setting one turns easily to consideration of the union of religion, myth, and history in the corporate and individual life of the Japanese. This, too, has lost little of its influence in a modern age; it is buttressed by the cohesive effects of ancestor worship and the cult of the state, with the emperor at the apex of the pyramid. Equally notable chapters analyze the imprint left by the Tokugawa epoch; the great practical, artistic, and psychological importance of a script dominated by the character symbol; and the sway of conventional forms in artistic, intellectual, and social life. At many points these persistent elements of Japan's cultural and historical background conflict with the demands of a new age. The authors stress the atomization of the ancient society by capitalist methods of production, the danger of a proletariat increasingly divorced from the traditional family life and heritage, the difficulty of reforming the script without disrupting cultural continuity, the essential incompatibility of Western ways with some of the profoundest attributes of the Japanese race. They are content to frame these questions raised by Japan's era of transition—and the issues have never been put so cogently. The nearest answer, still in vague outline, is found in the last sentence: "It may well be that the only possible solution for this nation is to transform itself into a new Japan that will have nothing in common with the old except a name."

Perhaps the best clue to the future resides in the Lederers' clear revelation of the two differing strands woven into the life of modern Japan. The United States was once called half-slave and half-free; Japan is half-feudal and half-capitalist. The bourgeois-democratic revolution of 1853-68 was never completed. Emperor-worship and the emperor-myth still prevail; the state system is shot through with feudal survivals; industry is still in large part precapitalist and agriculture is feudal in everything but form. These older elements prohibit an untrammeled capitalist development and accentuate the likelihood of a catastrophic denouement.

Nevertheless, the system as a whole is dominated by the great industrial-commercial-banking combines, whose baronial chieftains form a common front with the landowners, army-navy leaders, bureaucrats, and the court circle. Economic crisis menaces the stability of this ruling bloc, and the response is not dissimilar to that in the advanced capitalist nations of the West. In Japan, also, the ruling classes refuse to make concessions to the impoverished masses and plunge into aggressive war. All the feudal elements are reinvigorated to give substance to the reactionary dictatorship. Parliamentary politics "peculiarly Japan's own" is all that will be admitted; no liberal theory of the emperor as an "organ of the state" can be tolerated; the emperor's godhead must be taken out and dusted off; in short, Japan's fascist dictatorship must clothe itself in vestments of a feudal past.

These feudal survivals, both in state and economic life, give Japan an appearance of cohesiveness and strength. They are, in the final analysis, elements of weakness. Nor can they be stripped away to allow a freer and more assured capitalism to flourish; any serious effort in this direction raises the specter of much more threateningly subversive social changes. The result is an instinctive withdrawal even farther into the feudal past. Japan's new-formed totalitarian regime tends to polarize the conflicting internal forces. It is forced to wager its future on a policy of military aggression. It gambles with fate, and risks all. In the clean sweep of a social revolution the prediction of the Lederers' concluding sentence might be fulfilled. How much of the old Japan would survive? Is it impossible to visualize a result in which the emperor—most powerful symbol of the old order—might disappear as thoroughly as in Russia or China?

T. A. BISSON

Truth or Legend?

WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS. By Margaret Bell. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

ON THE jacket of "Women of the Wilderness," by Margaret Bell, the reader is informed that "the manuscript came to the publishers through Van Wyck Brooks, author of 'The Flowering of New England.'" In her foreword the author tells us that a phrase from Samuel Eliot Morison's "Builders of the Bay Colony" fastened itself in her mind. This phrase was the "dark yet unwritten history of the American pioneer woman." Subsequently Miss Bell devoted all her time to illuminating and writing this history, which, alas, remains unwritten.

On page fourteen Miss Bell says, "Truth or legend, what difference does it make? Since there is no definite substitute for it, we may as well accept the record as a symbolic fact.

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Surely we are justified, since time has so generously demonstrated its plausibility." Surely this is hardly the approach to historical writing which has given to Mr. Morison and Mr. Brooks their distinguished positions as writers and scholars. How exhaustive Miss Bell's research has been it is difficult to tell since there is neither bibliography nor footnotes and she runs her quotations unidentified into the text.

Her style seems to have been influenced more by Eleanor Roosevelt's than by any other; however admirably adapted to autobiography and journalism, it is definitely unsuited to seventeenth-century history. A few excerpts from Miss Bell's account of one of the best-known incidents in colonial history indicate better than can any critical analysis why a careful reader is bound to read sceptically her accounts of the lesser-known women of the period:

> How his lips trembled when he spoke, what worlds of passion were revealed by the mounting fires in his eyes! . . . Smiling, with her head a little on one side, she said slyly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" . . . Myles Standish took his disappointment like a Spartan, congratulating his Newfoundland puppy, who even in the flush of his amazing good fortune did not lose an iota of the admiration he had for his unsuccessful rival.

It is a pity that so much enthusiasm, so much honest effort devoted to such an important and interesting subject should have resulted merely in a chatty, ill-arranged, synthetic narrative hardly to be dignified by the name of history.

MINA CURTISS

Mankind at War

THE CROWNING OF A KING. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS a curious irony that in the midst of specialization the one activity which has come to include all of us should be that of destruction, the proper denouement of individualism being its great collective movement of organized warfare. And how much ingenuity and precision, embracing every resource and achievement, the combined magic of tongue and mind and hand, the total wealth of scientific research and religious aspiration, we have amassed in order to destroy one another! In "The Crowning of a King," originally intended to be the final volume of a trilogy in which "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" was the central piece, Zweig's elaboration of this thesis becomes clear. His work is not merely a study of the German nation in the grip of the Great War; it is an exposition of modern society in what Zweig assumes to be its characteristic action, murder.

In the present volume the scene of this action is shifted to the little-known Eastern front during the last half-year of the war. Here the German ruling caste, ignoring the clear signs of the destruction which was to follow, is pursuing its vision of conquest. General Clauss is the protagonist of this campaign, and in Clauss, whose Junker ethics, the sense of responsibility and justice which distinguished Lychow in "Grischa," drop away in the intoxication of beholding himself emperor of the east, Zweig has drawn his final and most effective condemnation of the German ruling class. Against Clauss Zweig has placed his three central characters—Bertin,

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the intellectual of "Education Before Verdun," Grischa himself, and Winfried, the middle-class man whose education is completed in "The Crowning of a King." Noticing these three together, as we can do now, the point of Zweig's message becomes evident enough: the long-suffering patience of these servants fighting in a battle not their own, their ingrained instincts of loyalty, obedience, belief wearing so thin before they can see what is there plainly to be seen. Yet Grischa comes to fruit at last in the bloody birth of the Russian Revolution, whose sound echoes in these pages and reaches the ear of the scornful Clauss. Bertin, reading the smuggled documents of the exiles and "traitors" to whom henceforth he must attach himself, thinks of the common task "to find the outlet from this slaughter-house into what is called society, where men can live together in good-will." And even to Winfried, this middle-class man more tightly held by convention and taboo, his brain going slower than his feelings, the realization comes, later than to these others but just as surely. "I have been bitterly deluded and so has Germany," he tells the conqueror Clauss in a fine last scene, "and all that remains of the dreams of my youth is the conviction that you are a dangerous and disconcerting luxury that we cannot afford. . . ."

Zweig is less read than many authors to whom he is comparable, and this is, I suppose, because he is essentially sociological in his manner. His characters are typical, representing points of view and cultural levels, and confining their existence to the exposition of his themes, Zweig sometimes ignores them as people. Zweig is again a little too cultured. With his aversion to intolerance and brutality in art as well as in life, he fails to portray the intolerance and brutality of the social order against which he is fighting. His work, nevertheless, must be considered a valuable record of this society, and in a way the lack of emotional force, the tonelessness, which keeps his books from becoming more vivid as fiction also gives them their distinctive quality. It is rather as if this calm and scholarly Zweig, setting down in all its intricacies the pattern of a nation turned into a unique and gigantic war machine, were sketching for some academic journal of the future the outlines of a world which once existed.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Thrift Is Not Enough

INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT. By Joan Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

WHEN CAPITAL GOES ON STRIKE. By Arthur Dahlberg. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

J. M. KEYNES'S last book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money," published only two years ago, has already exerted a great influence on economic thought and is now beginning to make itself felt in the shaping of economic policy. It was, however, a work addressed to professionals and, partly owing to the mathematical methods employed, was too tough a proposition for the lay reader. Hence, by writing a brief and lucid exposition of the "General Theory," by giving us Keynes without calculus, Mrs. Robinson has rendered a notable service.

The great merit of the Keynes theory is its firm basis in the economic facts of today rather than in those of the horse-and-buggy era. The theories of classical economics were formulated when capitalism was young and its great problem was the setting aside of the largest possible proportion of current production for the creation of new capital. Hence the emphasis placed by contemporary economists on thrift, for, postulating as they did a continuous state of full employment, they saw correctly that additions to the stock of capital goods could only be provided through curtailment of current consumption. Today we still find it difficult to grasp the fact that savings are no longer the controlling factor in promoting investment (meaning additions to real capital), and that so long as we have chronic unemployment, it is investment that controls the rate of savings. As Mrs. Robinson explains:

> There is unemployment when the decisions of entrepreneurs as to how much new capital it is worth their while to acquire fall short of the desire of individuals to save. Saving depletes the demand for consumption goods, for saving means not spending on current consumption, and the entrepreneurs fail to make up for it by creating a sufficient demand for capital goods to fill the gap.

That is the heart of the General Theory. It is not Mrs. Robinson's purpose to suggest remedies for the situation she describes, but her book indicates various lines of approach in such fields as the management of credit, public investment, and the redistribution of income, while she neatly explodes the theory, senile despite our business Voronoffs, that unemployment can be cured by wage-cutting.

Mr. Dahlberg, an engineer turned economist, has obviously been much influenced by Keynes, with whose analysis of the poor functioning of our system he largely agrees. He differs, however, in proposing as a solution for the problem the taxation of the holding of money so that people will run from "a money to a goods position." Mr. Dahlberg distinguishes between two forms of personal assets—wealth, which is real property or its representation in equities, and debt, which is a title to wealth usually with a reserve of assets behind it. Money he regards as essentially a form of debt particularly well fortified by reserves of wealth. Bank deposits, for instance, have behind them the security put up by those receiving bank loans—security which in the aggregate is normally many times the value of those loans. At moments of crisis people seek liquidity—they attempt to convert wealth into debt provided with a cushion of value. Unfortunately when everyone tries to do this at the same time, as in 1929-32, prices are smashed and the cushion loses its resiliency.

Mr. Dahlberg wishes to discourage these periodic scrambles for liquidity. Asserting that the effectiveness of money as a catalytic agent is being destroyed by its use as a store of value, he challenges the right to hoard, hitherto regarded as inalienable despite recognition that it makes for depression. The old remedy of luring the saver into investment in real goods is, he considers, useless. The only sound method is to force spending by putting a penalty on idle money.

It is impossible here to discuss in detail the ways suggested to achieve this end. They include a monthly tax on average bank deposits and dated depreciating currency. Elaborate proposals are made for stopping all possible gaps, but it is doubtful if they would prove elaborate enough.

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There is little question that the adoption of Mr. Dahlberg's scheme would drive the money hoarders to a goods position, but it would not necessarily compel the investment of savings in new real capital. More probably it would induce a scramble for the less perishable commodities, which under the circumstances would acquire a liquidity-premium exceeding that of money, and lead to an exaggeration of the present inventories problem. In any case, the author seems unduly optimistic in claiming that his scheme would cure the major evils of capitalism and render unnecessary state planning or other forms of intervention. KEITH HUTCHISON

Five Long Stories

THE FLYING YORKSHIREMAN. Five Novellas. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

HOWEVER entertaining the five long stories in this collection may be, as novellas they scarcely measure up to the editorial references to such distinguished prototypes as "Ethan Frome," "A Lost Lady," and "The Turn of the Screw." If comparison is made beyond the specific examples mentioned to work in this genre by Jules LaForgue, Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, Franz Werfel, André Gide, Colette, or David Garnett, the little-magazine level of "The Flying Yorkshireman" stories is all the more apparent. The settings are varied, but the approach in each instance is rather pedestrian; nor is the authors' discursiveness lightened by any special insight. Even the most whimsical among them fly close to earth. The title farce by Eric Knight is amusing for half its distance. For those who appreciate realistic detail Helen Hull offers a meticulous investigation into the life of a *Hausfrau* turned novelist. Rachel Maddux's fantasy attempts to be a grandchild of Carroll out of Barrie; it emerges as a case history of retarded mentality. I. J. Kapstein's bucolic reminiscence runs out of charm midway. The most forceful story, Albert Maltz's "Season of Celebration," inevitably recalls Gorki in its depiction of derelicts; the obvious irony and the author's indignation weaken its cumulative effect.

The lack of cutting probably will not lessen the entertainment value for those Book-of-the-Month Club members who have chosen the anthology for May, but if the editors hoped to initiate a crusade for the novella, they were more generous than critical. GOULD CASSAL

FILMS

"When Shawes Beene Sheene"

VARIETIES of the Robin Hood story are as plentiful as blackberries on the thorny cane, or as green sprays on the ash. The hero was a Saxon who held out against the Normans; or he was much later than that; or he never lived at all. He did or did not have Maid Marian for a greenwood consort, he may or may not have fallen in with Friar Tuck, and there is no telling whether he ever saw Richard of the Lion Heart. But certain elements must be

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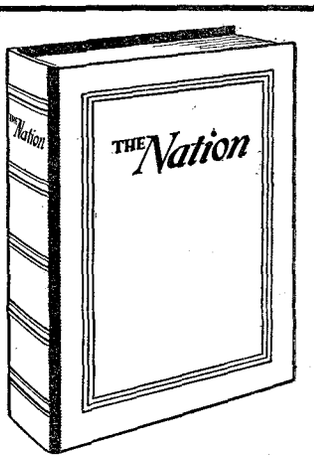

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found in any story of Robin Hood if the teller expects to be heard. The thickets must be bright with spring, the forest must be large and indeed illimitable, the deer must run, there must be bows and arrows, and Robin himself must be conducting a one-man revolution against iniquitous sheriffs, bishops, and prince-regents. The last of these features is doubtless the quintessential one. The setting can vary with the episodes, but Robin cannot cease from the fight he wages—he and his merry band—against gold braid and money bags.

Warner Brothers have put everything into "The Adventures of Robin Hood" that was necessary, and a few more things for good luck. The forest of the film is perhaps a shade too pretty, what with technicolor and all; the people, both of low and of high degree, look as clean as a Newport picnic crowd; and the costumes of the nobles, whether in a great hall or among the mighty trunks of oaks and beeches, have an unvarying splendor at which the eye loses strength at last to gaze. There will of course be a difference of opinion on this point; nor am I denying that "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is one of the prettiest things I have ever watched. To my taste, however, it has been overpolished, and it is too clean. Hollywood can learn something from Europe about the convincingness of a little disarray, a little honest disorder. I remember, for example, a Czechoslovakian film of more than a year ago which handled the Robin Hood theme with no prettiness at all. "Janosik" pushed on, to be sure, to a tragic conclusion; the hero, captured and condemned to die by impalement, leapt against the hook as he finished a wild song of freedom. But that is irrelevant to my point, which is that the background everywhere was trying to be veritable, and succeeding because nothing real had been removed from the camera's vision. Warner Brothers have swept their forest till it is as neat as a nut; the roadways look like bridle paths; and many of the merry men bring the air of the costume chamber with them to the picked trees they will climb.

"Janosik" conducted its one-man revolution also in a more plausible spirit. The audience never forgot that the hero was in great and indeed terrible danger. If "The Adventures of Robin Hood" arouses no anxiety in its spectators, the excuse might be that it is comedy whereas "Janosik" was tragedy. But Errol Flynn is perhaps too obviously safe at all times—even in a great hall full of nobles he has only to hack his way out or to push convenient tables in front of giants in red robes coming to crush him. At the gallows, in the greenwood, or fencing for his life with Sir Guy of Gisborne (Basil Rathbone), he has luck too visibly with him, he too plainly cannot lose. This means that the essential theme tends to disappear among a series of gay episodes—not quite as gay, either, as they would have been had Douglas Fairbanks returned to clown the fable. For Errol Flynn is not trying to be Douglas Fairbanks; he is trying to be romantic; and I think he would have been more so had he been able to make us catch our breath two or three times.

But the film is better than I have said. It is really charming; Claude Rains is an accomplished Prince John; and the recognition of King Richard (Ian Hunter) by Robin Hood is a great moment. "Robin Hood" has a whole summer before it, and I do not doubt that it will beautify the green season.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

The Communist Constitution

Dear Sirs: In its proposed new constitution the American Communist Party abandons the Bolshevik idea of a working-class seizure of power and goes in for preaching socialism to a democratic electorate. This seals the victory of Stalinism over the Bolshevik program—and was preceded, naturally enough, by the extermination of the old Bolsheviks.

The question arises: Having come over to the position of the democratic or Menshevik Socialists, why do the Stalinists keep up a separate organization? The answer is indicated in the clause describing disciplinary measures against "spies, double-dealers, swindlers, . . . Trotskyists, etc." and that providing expulsion for "betrayers of party confidence."

A party candidly going before a democratic electorate with a program of evolution toward socialism would have no occasion to introduce into its constitution journalistic billingsgate about "spies, swindlers, etc." Those are the names given in the party press to the critics of Stalin's dictatorship. The defense of that dictatorship is thus revealed to be a constitutional function of this allegedly democratic party. And the method of defense is revealed to be the same as that adopted by Stalin: slander and misrepresentation in the place of argument and debate. This method succeeds in Russia only because free criticism is suppressed. That the Communists will proceed to such suppression in America if they win power is obvious from both the tone and the meaning of this clause in their constitution.

Equally inappropriate to a peaceable political party in a democratic republic is the clause providing expulsion for "betrayers of party confidence." It says plainly that this is not an open political party presenting a candid program to the electorate but a secret society having plans not revealed to those who vote. Americans who really believe in democracy are entitled to know that the heads of this secret society were designated by a foreign dictator, are removable by him, and take orders on all vital questions from his headquarters.

The danger lies not there, however, but in the "Americanizing" of this same system which is now in rapid progress. Browder is already rewriting our national history to prepare the way for a native "beloved leader," native spy-hunts, and all the machinery of an American totalitarianism. In view of its own intolerant and conspiratorial character, so openly avowed in these clauses, the party's proclamation of its rabid allegiance to American institutions smacks rather more of the vigilantes and the Ku Klux Klan than of genuine republicanism. Its intensely patriotic zeal for "democracy" cohabits with a belief that Stalin's recently adopted constitution, which confirmed the absolute sovereignty of the Russian Communist Party, is "the most democratic in the world."

What the Stalin parties in general have done is to abandon the proletarian-insurrectionary aim of Lenin while retaining the conspiratorial habit, the centralized command, the jesuitical *mores*—in sum, the military tactics and the "war psychology"—which were justified, if at all, only by that aim. That is exactly what Mussolini and Hitler did. The difference between a fascist party and a Bolshevik party which has abandoned its militant class program is—aside from problems of European nationalist diplomacy—not vital. Hitler and Mussolini adorn their assaults on free culture with the same vaguely intended proletarian and socialistic ideals that the Communists use. They win therewith the support of the same soft-headed "radicals." Their real program is power for the party, obedience to the leader, and unlimited Machiavellianism as to ways and means.

In my opinion liberals who give support or tolerance to the Communist Party on the assumption that they are moving to the left are being decoyed by labels, and by a misunderstanding of recent history, into betraying civilization itself. They are aiding in the propagation of the Totalitarian State of Mind, which should be the chief enemy.

MAX EASTMAN

Croton-on-Hudson, May 26

Hull Not Despairing

Dear Sirs: A paragraph appeared in your "In the Wind" column of May 21 broadly intimating that I inspired a story in the Baltimore *Evening Sun* to the effect that Secretary of State Cordell Hull would soon resign. I did nothing of the sort. I did talk to Mr. Hull about that time, as I have done countless times. But I made no report to my editors, as stated, of Mr. Hull's "despairing mood." There was no such mood, nor was there in the conversation the remotest suggestion of a disagreement between Mr. Hull and the President. What was said had only to do with a certain type of "polecat journalism" that afflicts this town just now.

J. FRED ESSARY

Washington, May 24

Hague's Victim Asks Help

Dear Sirs: Your readers are familiar with the facts of Hague's reign of terror in Jersey City. The writer, long active in political, religious, and civic circles of Hudson County and New Jersey, was among those who openly protested against the wholesale denial of civil rights in our city and the brazen refusal of Mayor Hague to allow union labor to organize, and at the same time exposed the financial corruption that exists in Jersey City under Hague rule. As a well-known Catholic and official of a Catholic organization, I also took a firm and honest stand against Hague's false cry that the fight in Jersey City was that of "Hague versus Communists."

What happened after that is now a matter of public record. Ballot-box thieves, number runners, gamblers, and racetrack operators were overlooked by Hague's political grand jury, but I was indicted on a charge "so spurious," according to Congressman Jerry O'Connell, a Democrat of Montana, "that it would have been thrown out of court in any other state in the Union." Trumped-up evidence and intimidation of witnesses and even a packed jury were employed to convict me. Now there is a possibility of my receiving a sentence of fifteen years.

Vito Marcantonio, former Congressman from New York, defended me at the trial without receiving a cent for his brilliant and courageous work, but the sum of several thousand dollars is needed immediately for printing the briefs and records, and for the preparation of legal papers.

Your readers who may want to voice their indignation at this damnable practice of Hague's of jailing his opponents may do so by helping to raise this de-

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fense fund. Mrs. Ida E. Guggenheimer is acting as treasurer of a defense committee of New York citizens. Contributions or checks should be made to the Longo Defense Fund and sent to her at 205 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. JOHN R. LONGO

Jersey City, N. J., May 27

Would Penalize Hoarding

Dear Sirs: The letter on Hoarding and Recovery by G. R. Walker in your issue of April 23 relates to a problem that is giving increasing concern both to economists and to other people—the simple problem of reducing hoarding. There are two methods by which money can be brought from hoarded funds into active investment: one is the lure of profits, and the other is placing a penalty on hoarding. A great deal of our New Deal legislation and many other proposals relating to tax modification are based upon the idea of luring money into investment.

The idea of penalizing hoarding was presented by Hertzka, an Austrian social reformer and economist of the '90's. Silvio Gesell, a German-Argentinian, gave the idea development, but a full logical presentation, combined with a practical plan, was lacking until this year. In "When Capital Goes on Strike" Arthur Dahlberg has developed a thesis indicating the final necessity of influencing demand through influencing the flow of money which I think both Marxians and non-Marxians will accept. He has coupled it with a practicable working device for collecting a tax on all hoarded funds, which may be increased or diminished in inverse ratio to the speed of spending. JACOB BAKER

Washington, D. C., May 23

College Reorganization Plan

Dear Sirs: A miniature reproduction of the scenes which preceded the defeat of President Roosevelt's reorganization plan is now being enacted on the campuses of New York City's colleges. As *The Nation* noted editorially some time ago, a liberal bloc of the Board of Higher Education which governs the city colleges has attempted to introduce into the by-laws of the board certain modifications in the direction of democratizing the college set-up. The proposed "reorganization plan" calls for (1) elected department chairmen, to serve for three years, with no tenure in their administrative offices, (2) a faculty council, elected by the entire permanent staff, which shall act as an executive council of the faculty, (3) an elected faculty committee on personnel to review appointments and dismissals, and (4) departmental committees on appointment and promotion, elected within each department.

Faculties and departments in the city colleges have for the most part been organized like industrial organizations, with the presidents as all-powerful general managers and department heads under them, dominating their several subordinates. This autocratic arrangement has led to such basic evils as a lack of appreciation for student problems, arbitrariness in appointment, promotions, and salaries of instructors, and cheap labor policies.

The New York College Teachers' Union and other local organizations of the staffs, such as the Hunter, Brooklyn, and City College Instructors' Associations, as well as prominent liberals on the campuses, such as President Klapper, of Queens College and Professor Harry A. Overstreet, are whole-heartedly supporting the new proposals.

HOWARD SELSAM
Vice-President of the New York College Teachers' Union

New York, May 25

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